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"LYNNE, LYNNE, MY LOVE!" I CRIED, "OH, LOOK UP, IF 'TIE ONLY FOR ONE MOMENT!"

# LOVE AND PRIDE.

### [A NOVELETTE.]

### CHAPTER L.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

"If you to me prove false, love,
And I am cold to you;
The world will still go on, I think,
Just as it used to do.
The moon will fire with the clouds,
And the sun will kiss the see;
And the birds in the troes will whisper,
And laugh at you and me.
So I think you had better be kind, love,
And I had better he true;
And let he cild love continue,
Just as it used to do."

THE words and the quaint melody ring with a clear distinctness upon my ears as I stand near the open window garing out upon the sweet

moonlit earth. A sad, bitter calm is on me to-night, for without warning, without one moment wherein to gather all my woman's pride to my aid, Lynne Dysar's and I have met again. All the old passionate longing that I had deemed dead has sprung back to life at eight of him, and I know that if we part as strangers once more, my life will henceforth be a living death.

death.

He is sitting at the plane which stands at the far end of the large room; but from my position at the lace-draped window I can see his profile, can see the long dark lashes drooping over the clive cheeks, and I wonder what expression the brown eyes are wearing; why he has chosen that song! Is he singing is for me? Ah, surely no? We met and parted years back now. He would not sing that song to me now.

It all comes back to me so plainly, as I stand here alone in this crowded room. It was in the summer time that we met, in the sweet summer that he asked me to be his wife, while we were walking in the woods where the sun fell upon the

long tangled grass in quaint golden patches, and the birds sang softly in the bushes around us and in the trees above our heads.

We had paused under a large aim to watch a hare as it sat washing its face, all unconscious of the nearness of its arch enemy, when he put out his hands and drew me to him, whispering

"And when am I to catch my little bare, dar-

"And when am I to catch my little bare, darling I You are so shy and reserved I have sometimes feared you do not care, and at others I am filled with hope."

Not in words did I answer; but I put my hands about his neck and laid my head on his breast. It was so much easier than speaking, and it told him what he wished to know. And so we were brothed.

Summer passed and winter came, and in the

so we were betrothed.

Summer passed and winter came, and in the spring he won my promise that when the month of roses came I would be his bride. It was only three weeks before the day fixed for the wedding, and it seemed to me that earth was so fair—how could another be fairer—and then one day came

the crushing knowledge that he did not love me as I had dreamed.

I was going out into the garden, and as I ased the library I thought I would take a book ith me; so I went in and selected one from my favourite author, and was turning away when an open sheet of paper on the table caught my gaza. Perhaps it was not right, not strictly honour-

able, to pause and read what was written there, but Lynne's handwribing and my own name made me forget, and this is what I read:—

"DEAD FATHER,-What you ask is utterly impossible. Had your request been made sooner, had I known your wishes, it might have been. As it is, I am in honour bound to marry Madeline

That is all, but it altered my whole life—changed me from a careless, merry girl into a proud, cold woman. In honorit bound i No i he should have his freedom, I told myself, as I stole away down the lime-shadowed pathway of our deer old garden to my own seat.

I had not been there long when I heard footsteps and looking up I saw Lynnecomies towards me, his dark eyes gleaming, and a smite on his proudly-curved lips.

"Madoline," he said, "I have been looking for you, you oneight would. I am going home to-morrow. You need not sun away from me like that!"

like that?"

There was a ring of reproseb, mingled with the love, in his volca, but I beeded not. I put his hands away and rose, standing before him with a cold, hard look on my face.
"Lyma." I said, so quistly that it actorished myself, "I think we have both made a great mistake; but it is not foo late, I am thankful to say. Will you give me back my freedom?"

I did not mention that latter. My pride would not allow that. He must think that I had changed; he should never know how dear he was to me.

changed; he should never know how dear he was to me.

We stood for a moment perfectly silent. After L spoke those words I looked him coldly and steadily in the face, while my heart was breaking. Then he steoped and caught my hands in his, crying passionately,—
"Madoline, are you the heartless fifrt your words proclaim, or is there another reason for these strange words?"

And I raised my head proudly and said, with a touch of searn in my voice,—
"How is it that we can be so cruel to those we love? We women are nettilessed to chanse

we love? We women are privileged to change our minds, you know, Mr. Dysart," and then I laughed while I stooped to pluck a spray of fragrant honey suckle that had strayed down from its thick-edge, and touched the hem of my

music dress.

The proud, haughty look I had seen for others, but never for myself, in those dark eyes came there, and he lifted his hat as he turned away,

anying,—
'f Miss Westebrook shall, of course, not be deprived of the privileges of her sex. Will she be so kind as to make my adleux, as I wish to eatch the down train which starts in a quarter of an hour 1 19

bowed, and watched the tall, lithe figure a dower, and watched the tail, lithe figure striding away down the long, straight, white country road. I watched him until the high hedges of the meadows and the bend at the cross roads hid him from my view, and then I fled up to my own room, where I wept the bitterest tests of my life.

I heard the shrill whistle of the train as it assed into the tunnel near the station, and I pistured him standing near the pretty geranium beds, waiting; and when the whistle again sounded on the quiet country air, I knew that

Our home is far

We have never met since. Our home is far away from his, and when I told mamma that we had parted for ever, I think she read some of my serrow in my face, for she only said,—
"You will tell me all some day !"
And then we put the wedding clothes away, I, with a proud, cold indifference of manner, she, with pale, sad face, and we never mentioned Lynne Dysart's name again.

That was all five years ago, when I was only twenty. My gentle mother has gone to join the father I never knew, and I am living with my annt who is a mover in "fashionable society."
This is one of her "at homes," and the distinguished traveller who has been the talk of the season is here, and his name is Lyme Dreamt Motter.

Dyeart-Morton.

I had never dreamed when discussing him and his daring that Dysart Morton could have aught to do with my quondam lover, and I am more than astonished to find that he is still single. He is singing the last verse of that old song, and then there is a murmur of applause which I do not include in

join in.

Instead, I turn away with my back to the company, thinking myself well hid from view by the drooping satin of the curtains; but I am mistaken, for suddenly a voice sounds at my side, and looking round I see Lynne gazing at me with the old passionate look in his dark eyes.

"You are thinking deeply, Miss Westebrook," he says softly. "I have spoken twice, and was just going in despair of arousing you from your reverte."

"It is a pity you should trouble, Mr. Dysart Morton," I say, drawing myesif proudly away,
"He shall not see how I care. He shall not have
the pleasure of tooling me again, I determine.
"Trouble!" he choes, half sadly. What an
accomplished flirthe is! "If Miss Westsbrooke

grants me a few words, it is reward enough for

Excuse me, Mr .-- , what am I to call

"Morton. I had to take my uncle's name at his death."

"Mr. Morton," I go on coldly, but with a quiet friendliness," but if we are ever to agree, or be friends, you will spare me those absurd platitudes I

platitudes i"

"Your will is my law !" and then, having so said, he moves back, just as two or three young fellows, with more height and good looks than brains, and more money than they deserve, saunter up to where I stand.

I am half pleased and yet annoyed at the interruption. I love Lynne as I never loved him in those early days—love him with a woman's not a ght's strength; but my pride forbids that he should know, and so it is best that we should not be together alone.

I have often wondered why he constituted that he should mow and so it is best that we should not be together alone.

I have often wondered why he engaged himself to me, not caring; but I have come to the conclusion that he did care a little, and that my money — for I am rich—was the great attraction!

traction!

Lynne Dysart was poor. Lynne Dysart-Morton is wealthy, and would like a beautiful and accomplished bride. Let him seek one from the many lovely women who surround him.

Never again will I listen to words of love from him, I tell myself, as I stand there, watching his face while he converses with some of the guests, in a laughing, easy manner, that seems to me to betoken a heart free from the pain of remembered or present sorrows.

remembered or present sorrows.

Some one asks me to sing, and I go mechanically to the piano, and take the song chosen for me. It is "Bid Me Good-Bye and Go." I wish it had not been that song; but I dash into it without giving myself time for healtation.

"Man's love is like the restiess waves, Ever at rise and fall; The only love a woman craves, it must be all mall. Ask me ne more if I regret, Tou need not care to knew; A woman's heart does not forget, Eld me good-bye and go."

How I sing those lines with unconscious pas-

How I sing those lines with unconscious passion, till I feel that the room is whirling round with me. Then a man's voice, speaking words not meant for my ears, rouses me.

"By Jove! she sings that as if she feels it! I say, wasn't there something between her and Dysart a few years back!"

Without pausing, I strike the opening bars of a merry little song I remembered hearing my mother sing, and I enter into the spirit of it as my voice rises and falls in the sparking refrain; and when I turn away from the plane, amidst a

loud murmur of applause, I feel that they, at least, cannot say I am wearing the willow!

Lynna is standing near me, with his dark eyes fixed on me; but I do not change colour. My pride is up in arms, and I look him calmly in the face, as he says.—

"Is your heart as clastic as your voice, Miss Westebrooke!" and I answer with a light

"Yes, if I have one; but, you know, we do not trouble about our hearts in these days, unless they trouble us when we walk or rice hard!"

A dark frown passes over his handsome face, and he turns away. Later on I see him in earnest conversation with a girl who is called my rival; because she was the beauty until I appeared, and I wonder, with a hot, dull pain at my heart, if he will fall in love with her!

She is very lovely, with flaxen half, waxen complexion, and large, dreamy blue eyes; and she is natural.

He seems to admire her, for he stars build.

complexion, and large, dreamy blue eyes; and she is natural.

He seems to admire her, for he stays beside her during the rest of the evening; and when the guests are leaving, he leads her to her carriage, settling her clost about her plump white shoulders with more than ordinary care.

And then he comes to bid me good-night. I see him searching the room with those keen dark eyes, and then he catches sight of me, and comes forward, his face very grave and calm. I catch sight of my reflection in one of the mirrors at stand there, under the full glare of the electric light, and I know I am fair to look upon.

Opals flash resilly from amidat the bronze masses of my hair; they gleam on my arms and neck, and on my eaths those. The light fells on the glittering ivery astin train of my robe, and on my face, and I see that I am beautiful! The skin h soft and warmly white, the lips chiselled and perfect in colour, and the blue grey eyes look black under their long dark lashes!

Lynne's eyes are upon me with a look of something that is akin to passion and love in these

Lyane's eyes are upon me with a look of some-thing that is akin to passion and love in them; but I tell myself so did he look in the olden days, when he would have married me for henour's aske; and I look coldly on him now, though it would be, ah! so awest to lay my head upon his breast, and bear him murmur "I love you!"

you "
"I have come to bid you good-night," he says,
in the rich tones that thrill me as none other

"I have come to bid you good-might," he says, in the rich tones that thrill me as none other ever will.

"Good-night, Mr. Morten i" I say, frigidly, holding out my hand, and he bows low over it a mement, and then I am alone with my own thoughts, for the guests have all left while I have been watching the movements of the man I

### CHAPTER II.

A NEW LOVER. AT THE GARDEN PARTY.

"How do you like our great traveller ?" asks my aunt, as we sit at breakfast next morning, discussing the events of the previous evening. "I like him very well, auntle," I return, indo-lently. "Are we going out anywhere this afternoon!"

My aunt gives me a keen glance from under her thick, dark brows, and I feel that she is not, as hoped, utterly unaware of that episode in my past life, in which Lynne Dysart played, so large

"We are due at Lady West's!" als says, quietly. "Make yourself look nice!" and then ahe rises and leaves the apartment.
She knows as well as I do that I only put that

She knows as well as I do that I only put that question to stop further conversation on the subject of Lynne Dysar-Morton, and I feel that she is a little versed with me for not telling her more of my thoughts and wishes.

I cannot help that, I say to myself, as I rise and go to the window, which looks out on to a tiny plot of glass with tall standard roses at each side.

My and the converse of the converse of

My aunt lives in Park Lane, and I can see the Park from my post at the window; but there is nothing new in that, and I turn away with

a sigh.
Yesterday morning I was quietly content

he

with my lot; to-day there is a tumult of unrest in my bosom. The fire I thought dead has only been smouldering, and a wind has arisen to fan it into stronger, fiercer life than in the

old days.

How can I live my life in calmuses? How can I must him day after day, as I must, and mest as a mere acquaintance? Will not my eyes betray me? Ah! I must keep a watch even upon my thoughts when in his presence, lest he read

my them in my eyes.

My reverte is broken in upon by a sharp-ring at the visitors' bell, and after the lapse of a few moments a footman appears, amount-

a few moments a footman appears, announcing,—
"Lieutenant George Graham!"

George Graham is a handsome, well-built young fellow, standing six feet in his stockings. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, and olear-skinned; he looks a man to be proud of, either as lover, son, or brother; and as I meet his carnest glance of respectful admiration, I feel half sorry, really more sorry than glad, for something tells me he cares, and I—I have no love to give mortal man; it all lies buried in the grave where I hald the image of my fdeal, Lynne Dysart.

"You are an early caller, Mr. Graham!" I say, with a smile, as he takes my hand.
"Is it against eliquette?" he asks, looking down at me, and I turn away with a laugh.

"Oh, no i only auntie is busy writing, as we have to be at Lady West's garden party, and I thought you—"

"On not only subset a garden party, and I shought you—"
"Are you to be there?" he cries, eagerly.
"I was looking forward to a miserable day, as I heard you were engaged elsewhere."

"Poor boy?" I answer; "and now it will, of course, be all beight? How very complimentary? I think my head will be turned if another star does not soon rise and cellpse me."

"You can never be celipsed?" he whispers, cottly, and I life my eyes to his face for a moment, not rebukingly.

It is wrong, I know! Fiftring is a despicable patime; but I catch sight of Lyune coming up the path, and a longing—to show how little I care for him—comes over me; a looging to show him that someone will care for me—for myself slone—and so I do what no true, pure-hearted woman should do. I life my eyes shyly and smile, while a blush of chame mantles my cheek, and I suppose George Graham thinks that blush is for him.

My aunt appears at this juncture, and almost aimultaneously with her entrance Lynne is

almoinaneously with ner endances amounced.

His face is very grave, and his eyes are gravely inquiring when they meet mins, but I will not head. My voice is clear and cold, though my head and heart are burning.

Men and women are actors and actresses born. George Graham and he are old friends, and have a their hunting expedition in

George Graham and he are old friends, and have gone out on many a tiger-hunting expedition in far-away, burning India together.

I think there is a story of a life caved when George Graham might have left Lynne Dysars without disgracing his good hame by so doing; but to day, as they grees each other, I see a look of challenge in their eyes, and I know that it is I who have set those two apart.

And I turn to George Graham and ask some question about the garden-party, leaving my aunt to sutertain Lynne.

We stand suars from those two, I-laughting

want to entertain Lynne.

We stand spart from those two, I laughing merrily at my companion's bright sallies—for George is clever—and now and again Lynne's voice, grave and cold, breaks upon my car. Presently I hear him say.—

"I will not trespass on your time any longer, Mrs. Carew 1"

And George Graham whispers, with a move and comical glance down at me,—

"And I must, of course, follow suit !"

My sum comes to me where I stand after they have gone, and putting her hands on my shoulders looks quietly into my face.

"Madoline," che says, kindly, "they are both good, honost, true-hearted men; do not play with them. I should be sorry to see my stater's child sink so low."

I am not playing with them. Lynne Dysart

"I am not playing with them. Lynne Dynart never cared—he played with me, and I hate

him!" I cry, passionately. "As for George Graham," I add, "if he cares for me, perhaps it will not be in vain."

"Are you serious? Have you thought well over it, child? Marriage is not all play. Caz you live your life of joys and serrows, of broken hopes and disappointments, with George Gra-ham? Are you certain that between his face and yours there would not rise up one with dark, roachful eyes, and render your future one of

Her face is very white and grave as ahe speaks, and I remember that she married her now dead husband while loving another, for her mother's eaks. I dare not answer her directly, for I know that I do love Lynne, and that life without

"Oh, suntie," I say, putting out my hands to her, "I am not as happy as I seem," and then, before she can question me further, I quit the

Lady West's house is on the banks of the Thames, and a charming place it is. A smooth valvet lawn of radiant brightness slopes down to the water's edge, where the water laps against the dark-brown earth with a soft low murmur.

Big alders and graceful willows render the

immediate banks a cool spot even on the hottest day, and here I have stolen alone to have a quiet

day, and here I have stolen alone to have a quiet "think," and watch the gay human butterfiles flitting to and fro on the lawn near the house.

My flaxen-haired rival is here looking very sweet and attractive, in a pale shell pink robe and hat to match, and so the men seem to find her, for there is quite a little crowd in her vicinity.

But it is not the court of the crowd that

But it is not the court of the crowd that makes my heart grow sick within me. It is the look on Lynno's face as he bends over her and offers his arm, and they go across the lawn together, and are lost to my view behind the trees and shrubs.

Presently I hear the crunching of feet on the gravel pathway to my left, and looking round I see George Gaham. I do not know what is my purpose, I do not know if I could say "yes" were he to ask me to be his wife, but I smile brightly and pleasedly at him and go forward a

stop.
"I have been searching for you everywhere,"
he says. "Why did you come down here

alone I"

"Because I wanted to be quiet and watch
from a distance," I return. "The music sounds
too lend up there, and there are so many other
sounds one cannot trace the tune."

"Shall we stay here, then I" asks George,
promptly, and I acquissee without one thought
of the construction that will be put upon such a
proceeding.

We laugh and talk on all subjects, and though

We laugh and talk on all subjects, and though many times I esteh my companion's eyes and feel the love in their glance, he does not speak one word of love. But I know I have compremised myself, and laugh on recklessly. As well marry him and make him happy, as live on my life in loneliness.

Presently I propose that we go back to where the marquess are erected on the square flat of the lawn, and, as we emerge from the shadow of the trees, and come out on to the open ground, we meet Lynne face to face.

He is alone, and his eyes are hard and cold as

they glance from George Graham to me, but he pauses and speaks; and, oh! is would be better far that he should pare on than converse in that

easy, indifferent manner.
"How can he do it?" I cry, inwardly; and

"How can he do ht "I ary, inwardy; and then comes the answer.—
"He only cared for your money, then; he is rich now, and need not wed for a fortune."
"Are you going to try your skill with the bow and arrow?" sake Lynne, turning to me. "It so, you had better come to the archery ground now," and just then our hostess comes up with some fresh arrivals, and George Graham is carried away, leaving us two alone.

away, leaving us two alone.

Lynne does not attempt to move, although he said a moment buck that we must go at once. As I stand there with the rich sinlight falling around me, the sounds of music filling the air, and my once lover at my side, all my love wells

up in a wild, surging agony, and I remember with bitter pain the lines of a song he used to sing-

"What are we waiting for, you and I?
A parting kiss and a stifled cry.
Good-bye for ever, good-bye, good-bye !"

and unconsciously my breath comes quicker.

My companion hears that sigh and comes s step nearer, his lips part as though about to speak; then he draws back, that proud look I

speak; then he draws back, that proud look I remember so well sweeping over the dark, hand some face, and he offers me his arm in silence.

"Have they started?" I sak, feeling that if I do not speak I shall cry aloud.

"Yes," he says. "Miss Westebrook must parden me, but I had fallen into dreamland."

"A bad habit, Mr. Morton," I retort, with a

laugh.
"Very stupid," he says, a sneer curling his upper lip; "for the subject was not worthy to

upper Hp; "for the subject was not worthy to be placed in so pure a spot as normary." My face flushes hotly, for his eyes are turned upon me with a world of meaning in their oths.

Does he dare to call me unworthy?

"You should not let such thoughts occupy you, then," I answer, "It a disagreeable memory comes to me I push it from me. Life is not long enough to spare any of it for brooding over what

"Is that your creed?" asks Lynne, looking at me half-ourlously. "You must have a wonder-fully strong will to carry it out. I wish I possessed that power."

My voice is purposely absent, and I am re-warded by seeing an expression of impatience pass across his countenance. I have power to

We are on the archery grounds now, and a pretty sight meets our gave—the ladies in their bright-coloured dresses flitting to and fro on the smooth green lawn. All is merriment, and I join-in, the maddest, morriset of the whole company, and presently quite a crowd gathers round me to offer congratulations, for I have won the big prize of the day. I see all eyes turned upon me in admiration, and exert myself to the utmost; and laugh and jest with the most careless abou while Lynne stands a little apart, apparently abthat occurs in our group.

Once our eyes meet, and there is defiance in his. He is ploued, I suppose, as my indifference, and I laugh even while my heart achee, and I am longing for the day to come to an end. He am longing for the day to come to an end. He shall never again see more than indifference in my manner, I vow. Ah, Heaven, why do you let me keep that vow? for my heart is breaking with the weight of its pride and love.

Procently there is a move in the direction of the luncheon marquee, and I again find myself at Lynne's side.

at Lynne's side.

"Do you intend staying much longer in London, Miss Westebrooke?" he says, as we near the lawn, and I answer quietly, as the question a put.-

"No, my aunt and I are going down to Lord Harrers's place to spend a few weeks."

Lynne gives a slight start as I speak, and then looking away over the river, observes, in the ordinary conventional tones,—

"We are bound to meet. I, too, am going to

I am saved the trouble of a reply, for Lady West comes sailing across the lawn towards us, her dark aristoratic face wreathed in sulles.

"Here you are at last!" she exclaims.

"Mrs. Carew was wondering where you were. Are you going in to lunch! Mr. Morton will take you."

And having done her duty as hosses she de-parted, leaving me to the care of Lynne.
"Shall we go in?" he asks, and I put my hand on his arm and we follow the others, who are on his arm and we follow the others, who are laughing merrily over the accept of lunching in the open air, as they term it. I suppose in time I shall be able to laugh with Lynne as I can with others. Now I am either allent or smilingly sarcastic and scornful. We

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are neither of us at our case, and I am sure he is as fully aware of the fact as I am myself.

Of course at the table we all join in conversation, and the luncheon passes off very well, all looking perfectly satisfied, when we once more assemble on the lawn.

There is music, lawn tennis, more archery, filtring and promenading after this, and I hear someone say in low tones not meant for my

ear,—
"Miss Westebrooke never seems to tire. She is looking as bright and fresh now as when she arrived!"
She little knows what a sigh of relief I give when suntle comes to me and says it is time to return home. George Graham, who is sitting beside me, heaves another in response, and sake when he is to have the pleasure of seeing me again. I do not notice that Lynne is standing near, but that would not alter my rejoinder.
"I ride in the Row to-morrow, and we go to the opera to-night!" he whispen:

It is as I look up that I catch eight of Lynne, and I return with a smile,—

And then, with a bow to Lynns, whose face looks very white with the shadow of the large tree thrown over it, I and my aunt turn away.

### CHAPTER III.

" Drearily, wearily, ends the day, The sun goes down with no aftergiow; Then gathers the twilight, cold and grey, And in shadow is all the world below."

It is a lovely place, down in the heart of the country, where the noise and bustle and smoke of London comes to the memory as a bad dream. All is so peaceful here; the very birds seem to sleg a sweeter song, and the faint perfume of the fair flowers is good, indeed.

A little of the peace around me is entering my being a size of the peace around me is entering my

being, and calming my passionate, troubled soul
as I walk down the shady pathways, stooping
now and again to gather a fragrant dew-kissed
blossom. I have had more time to think down blossom. I have had more time to think down here, and sometimes the idea has come to me that I might have been too harty, that perhaps Lyane could have explained that letter to me, for of late there has been a something in his manner which betokened love. Though outwardly I have ignored this is has rejoided my heart, and I have been kinder, less scornful towards him during this fortnight of our stay here.

I wander on, up and down the grounds, in and out the winding paths, while the morning sun-climbs the havens and smiles down on the fair sarsh, sending his golden gleams across the river and green meadows.

During my wanderings I come to a little gate, over which two large line bushes meet, forming a kind of arch. Away across the field on to which this gives there is a clear, still pond, edged by queen-ei-the-meadow and tall sedges,

edged by queen-el-the-meadow and tall sedges, and at one side a cheatnub keeps guard. The sunlight is falling upon the calm water, through the interlacing leaves, and I pause to gase upon the calm beauty of that little bit of

Roglish scenery.

And, while I stand there dreamly gazing, I hear footsteps behind me; no need to turn, I have listened for those footsteps in the past with shy, kwing longing—ah 1 often, often. And

"Good morning, Miss Westebrooke; you are one of the early risers!" says Lynne's voice,

and then I turn.

He has a bunch of roses in his hand—lovely He has a numer of roses in his hand—lovely blossoms of every hue, cream-white, crimson, and delients pink—and their spicy odour comes to me as he lays the hand that holds them on the top bar of the gate.
"Yes," I say, quietly; "I always was fond of the early morning."

"I remeasher when—" He breaks off

"I remember when—" He breaks off abruptly, and our eyes meet. I know well what

he means, and my heart throbs so I fear he must hear. It is the first time he has ever alluded to our past acquaintane

That is a levely bit for an artist!" I say, striving to steady my voice, and he looks away to where the light is growing golden on the water. "A lovely spot!" he echoes, half sadly. "Some lives are as calm and still as that pool.

How is life with you, Miss Westebrooke?"

I feel my face flush and then grow pale, and struggle to make some light retore, but I cannot, with his great, passionate dark eyes upon me, and so I half whisper,—

and so I half whisper,—
"Life is, I suppose, with me, as with all others, made up of hopes, and disappointments, and dreams that could never become reality while men and women are what they are."
"You have not had any great disappointment," he says, half bitterly, "or you would not wear that calm, unruffled brow."

"I do not wear my heart on my sleeve, Mr. Morton," is my quick rejoinder. "Have you one!" and his face is white and

oh! why do I not give way to my better nature and cry out, "Yes, and it is yours, Lynne; we have both made a great mistake."
But pride urges, "Hold him back. Let him suffer; rein your life rather than own that you love him still."

"I believe so," I rejoin, "It is generally sup-posed that human beings possess a heart in com-mon with other animals."

Lynne does not reply, and fer some moments we stand side by side in utter allence. Then, suddenly, he holds the roses out to me.

"Madoline," he cries, "will you accept

them 1

Too well do I know what he means, and the hot, glad blood mounts into my cheeks, while I feel all the love I have kept in bondage for five long years welling up into my eyes.

He is close beside me now, and the flowers send up their fragrance to me in a sweet appeal. Heaven, I thank thee, thou hast sent me joy at

No need to droop my syslids, no need to hide what is written under there from him now; and I raise my eyes to his face, and, as I life them, I meet his glance, cold and scornful.
"What a fool you must think me, Miss Westebrooks!" he says, with a short, cynical laugh; and next moment I stand alone with the roses, crushed by him as he turned away, at my

It is evening. The soft grey twilight has given clace to dusk, and the dark curtain is slowly un-olling its sombre folds over the land,

rolling its sembre folds over the land.

I am standing at one of the long French windows of the drawing-room, watching the shadows creep along the green meadows, and thinking — thinking, as I ever am now — of Lynne Dysart and my past.

The long satin curvains shield me from the view of those within the roem, and a tail shrub standing on the stone terrace is between me and those outside; and so it is that when a party of young men come up the wide steps, laughing and talking gaily, they do not observe me, and continue their conversation unreservedly.

"You cannot deny that Miss Grants is a beauty! If she is like a doll it is a very perfect one!" says one volce.

one l's says one volce.

"I don's wish to deny saything! She is not my style; she is youre!" retorts another, and I recognise Lyano's tones.

"Well, that is good, and you danced attendance on her all the while you were in London!" cries George Graham; and I know he is laughing by the merriment in his voice.

the merriment in his voice.

"There is a brighter star here!" observes a cold, snearing voice, that sends a shudder through me. "What is it that Moore says about making love to the 'lips that are near?'"

"May I sak to whom you are alluding?" says George; and I can cearcely believe it is his voice, with that haughty thrill in it.

"By Jove, Graham, you don't know how to do it! You would never make an actor! Who else do I mean but the lovely Miss Westebrooke! I

am half gone there myself !" returns that encering voice I hate.

voice I hate.

"You will be kind enough to leave Miss West-brooke's name out of such discussions," commences George; and I see the fair, honest face of my loyal-hearted lover flush and pale, as he stands before the grey-haired roud with the ensering voice; and then Lynne moves forward, and I see his face a little pale, but utterly unconcerned. He takes his clear out of his mouth and gently knocks the whitened end off, while he

says, with a laugh,—
"Look here, old boy, don's let's have any quarrelling over a woman! I was sugaged enc, and got well out of it! Once bit twice shy, comprener vous? I like talking with them, but

He does not finish the sentence, but the shrug of the handsome shoulders has a world of language in it, and calls forth a hearty laugh. "Go in for doing the agreeable to all!" says that unpleasant voice again, and I await Lynus's reply with wildly-heating heart.
"You've hit it, old boy," he answered, slowly lighting another ofgar, and them they all turn and walk down the terrace, their voices and footsteps echoing on my heart with cold, cruel distinctness.

Oh! the humiliation of it, the bitter, burning shame! I had lifted my eyes love-lift to his. I had let him see how I cared, and this was heaply. Where could I hide me until the shame had become softened, because it belonged to the

past.

Fancies of quitting the house at this very moment enter my brain. I have not seen Lynne since he left me at the wicket gate in the early morning. I thought my cup of mortification was full then. It is overflowing now?

And white I stand here the gong sounds through the old house, and I know that in another moment all the guests will be assembled here awalting dinner. Shall I go through the sickening ceremony? Shall I take my seat at the table and smile while my heart breaks?

As well now as another time. While we are greats in the same house we must most often.

the table and smile while my heart breaks?

As well now as another time. While we are guests in the same house we must meet often—always at meals in the evenings, and often during the day. Yes, I will go in, and he shall see how I care. I will ignore all, and be to him still as I have been all along—kindly, gracious—

even Iriendiy!

I do not see him at dinner, but in the evening he comes to me with one of his favourite
sengs in his hand, and saks me to sing, and I
rise to go to the plane. My voice will scarcely
come at first, as I remember when I last sung
that song with him; then I strike the first
shords.

"We'll love as they loved of old, dear,
When worth was much and wealth was small;
For the world has grown so cold, dear,
That it's chill lies over all.
True love should not despair, dear,
Let us love as in days gone by;
The lark whose nost in nascest earth
Finds her music in the sky."

Without one quaver I sing on to the end of the music; and when, after a low murmur, someone—I know not who, places another place before me, I commence, never heeding what

Ah, heaven! the words seem written for me! I knew Lynne cared ones, and that thought is in my mind as I sing with true passion those words of a broken-hearted—yes proudly-loving woman.

\*\* Hung with grey clouds the sky is drooping o'er me, And so I turn my weary eyes away.

To read again the old delicious story,
And breaths the fragrance of a vanished May.

Oh, sunny hours, long has your sunlight faded,
Oh, roses red, your blossoming is c er,
I struggle up the thorny hill unaided

For loving once, my heart can love no more!

Time with his touch once tender hearts will hard But thinse was fond and gentle as my own. When roamed we in that sunny rose-rich gauden, And life and love seemed made for us alsue. And decreet, thought we only most to sever, And though no more thy look of love I see, Those golden moments shall be mine for ever; And, the the rapture of that thought to me!" earts will harden

My voice breaks and quivers as I commence

the last verse; and looking up I catch Lynne's eyes fixed upon me, with that strange question-ing, wondering gaze that I have noticed so often of late, and as I finish—

" Por me - with gladness I will e'er remember-

he stoops over me, and says, in half triumphant "Do you like my choice of songs, Miss Weste-brooke? You sing them feelingly!"
"I always strive to do so, Mr. Morton!" I

rejoin, turning wearily away. I am thed, and slot at heart with conflicting thoughts. Pride, love and hope are all fighting for the mastery in my breast, and the battle is too atrong. I feel I shall sink under it if I remain here much

longer.

"Will you not come on the terrace, it is a lovely night!" asks Lynne, as I go forward.

"I am going to make my exenses to Lady Earrese; I am tired!" is my reply. And with a quick, but not displeased look into my face, he drawe back, and I go on to where I see my hostess seated at a chess-table, at the far end of the room.

Of course she expresses regret at my disposition," and will excuse me "if I am good, and come down in the merning with roses instead of lillss on my cheeks." And then I am free to go to my room and indulge in a "brood" over my life—what it has been, and what I mean to my life ake of its future.

make of its future. George Graham rises up from some invisible trap in the floor as I make my way to the door; and, as I catch the tender, solicitous smile on his face, like a flash I make up my mind. I will marry him, and put all thoughts of Lynne

With George Graham for my husb with George Graham for my hisband, I can make something of my life. He will help me use my wealth wisely; and, in the calm of wifehood, I shall forget the mad passion for a man who seems never to know his own mind two

eason during the few seconds that e before I s'and by my fair-haired lover's side.

And when he stoops and asks me if I am really going, I look up into his face and whisper,—

"I am tired; but, if you like, I will stay a

His face flushes and then pales, while his eyes grow dark and misty, and I know that he under-stands now that his wishes will be studied by me

I am half frightened at what I have done when I see the look of supreme happiness on his face, but I have gone too far to retreat.

"Not for the world would I have you stay if you are tired. Good-night!"

you are tired. Good-night!"
He holds my hand in his, not tightly, but lovingly, tenderly, for one moment, and then opens the door far me to pass through. And as the door closes, it seems to me as if I heard a voice whisper, "Too late! too late!"
That door has closed upon my happiness. Wish my own hand I closed it, and pride held and looked is. Another's happiness stands between me and Lynns Dysart now, and I can never go lack!

### CHAPTER IV.

WHAT PRIDE CAN DO.

AFRE breakfast this morning, so I was passing the library door, George Graham came burriedly out of Do not go with the others to Farmer T——a. I wish to tell you something important. Please

And I looked calmly at him, feeling no flutter-ing of shy happiness, though I knew well what he wished to say, and told him I would remain at

And so I am sitting here in the library, which, to my mind, is the coelest in the house, waiting for George Graham to come and ask me to be his

While I wait I wonder, with an idle wonder as if I was thinking of another girl, and not my-self—how he will ask me. I remember how that

other pleaded for my love, Can I yield myself other pleased for my love. Can I yield myself to George Graham's caresses while these thoughts will come and send the blood coursing maily through my brain? Oh, yes! it is done every day, I tell myself; as if that made the case

It is a glorious day; the sunlight, richly golden, lying across the garden where the roses bloom. The sunlight is resting on my head and bloom. The senlight is resting on my head and slanting across my robe of pale pink; and, as I catch sight of my reflection in a glass opposite me, I think of a picture I once saw of a girl in meditation, with an open letter in her hand. My face is not unlike that girl's, and the sunlight gilds the bronze of my hair as it did her painted f secon

So absorbed am I that I do not hear the door open, do not know that I am no longer alone, until I see George Graham's face reflected side by side with my own in that large, dark, oakmed glass.

I lise, of try to rise, but he kneels beside me, just where the sunlight falls upon his upturned face, and lays his hands on my shoulders, thus gently forcing me to remain seated.

And I sit there gazing at him, half-sorrowfully, half-admirately who could halp admiring that

half-admiringly—who could help admiring that honest, manly face !—while he gazes back as me as though he would be content to remain thus for ever !

I am not made of atone, and I cannot rem

I am not made of atone, and I cannot remain very long under that passionate scrutiny with calmaess. So I make a movement, as though about to rise, and then he speaks.

"Madoline, my darling! May I say my darling! Was I mad, presumptuous, last night, to think there was a deeper meaning than friendship in your words! Do you love me! Will you be my wife!"

The media form almost incoherently from his.

The words flow almost incoherently from hi lips, and he is very pale now; he has not altered his position, but kneels there before me in the sunlight, pleading for what I can never give, and yet I am going to say "Yes" to that last

question.

"I will be your wife," I return, drooping my eyes as I lay one hand on his shoulder. I do not say "I love you," for I feel that I cannot lie to him; and yet I feel like a liar when he gathers me to him and calls me "his love," and "his life, and I shudder when he lays his lips on mine in our betrothal kies, not because I dislike him, but I remember that there is only one who should have the right to so caress me—the one who is king and lord over my heart.

George does not think me cold, though I sit and listen almost in silence to his conversation—if it can be so called where only one speaks.

and listen almost in silence to his conversation—

If it can be so called where only one speaks.

He rattles on about the changes he must make in the old house for his bride, asks me where I would like this, that, and the other, till my head is in a whirl, and it is with a feeling of thankfulness that I look up when I hear the sound of footsteps on the stone terrace.

Me leave mutter contribute.

ness that I look up when I hear the sound of footsteps on the stone terrace.

My lover mutters something wicked, I am sure, by the look of annoyed shame on his face, as he turns and apologises to me for what I did not hear; and then we both rise, and he goes away, pausing a moment ere he leaves me to whisper,—"Soon, soon, my love, you must give yourself to me, and then no one can, or shall, part us!"

And I caho the words soon, soon, drearily, wearily. Yes, it had better be soon, and then I shall know that there is no hope, and my heart will grow quiet at last.

shall know that there is no hope, and my heart will grow quiet at last.

Now, there is ever the vague, passionate hope that Lynne and I will become lovers again; that the past will be explained, and the future open before me, bright and beautiful, because it is to be spent at his side.

Such thoughts are madness, I know, and so it will be better, far better, to wed George soon, and go away from these scenes that will ever hold bitter-sweet, memories for me.

I know whose are those footsteps, and go swiftly from the room, and up the long corridor that leads to my own apartments.

Not yet can I meet Lynne. I must sit down and, by continued thought on the subject, accession myself to the idea of being George Graham's betrothed wife.

om myself to

When next I look upon Ly ane it must be with

eyes and heart free from passion, for I am to be ther's wife.

Drawing a chair to the window, from which can see the fair world with the golden glory f summer sunlight upon it, I seat myself to think.

What have I done? Of late days I have grown to think I was mistaken in the past, but Lynne's almost deliberate insult since has shattered that thought and roused all my hot pride.

For pride's take I am going to wed one man, loving another. It is cruel and wicked of me, I loving another. It is crues and wicked of me, I know, but I do not care for that, if I can preserve myself from the odium of being called "the girl whom Lyone jilted, you know," and from the pity of Lyone himself.

I grow tired of sitting here—tired of my own company—and, taking up my garden hat, a large quaint-looking thing, trimmed with pink flowers, I go down the wide staircase and out into the

garden, meeting no one on my way.

Oh, it is lovely out here! The world is all so beautiful! Up in the grand old chestnuts, whose leaves are dancing in the sunlight, the birds are singing with a blithesome mirth that, spite of my sorrow, makes my heart leap in re-

A soft, low murmur is in the air-a murmus of life. It comes from blossom, tree, bird, and fusect, and fills the air with insfiable sweetness. In the distance lies the lake, calm and repose-

ful under the warmth of the day-god; sunlight

ful under the warmth of the day-god; sunlight—golden, glorious sunlight—everywhere. Oh, Heaven! send some into my life too!

I have strayed into the rose-garden, where the air is laden with sweetness that nearly overpowers the senses—golden glofre de Dijon, creamy pluk-hearted tea-rosea, Maréchal Niel, reine Marguerites, Mrs. Langtrey, Louis Quatorne—they are all here in well-disposed confusion, and I pass my hand lovingly over them, half unconscious, for their sweetness has intoxicated me, and sent me to dreamland.

And, while I stand here, Lynne comes to me, comes and lays his hand on mine, and draws me to him, holding me in his arms as though we were still betrothed lovers; and, for a few moments, I remain quite lost in a mase of love and bewilderment.

Then the promise I have given flashes across my mind, and, with a cry, I wrench myself free. How dare he come to me like this after that seene by the wicket-gate a law mornings back i

scene by the wicket-gate a low mornings back it Perhaps he will tell me I am a fool this time i "Mr. Dysart-Morten, how dare you i" I cry; "do you know that I am the promised wife of your friend, George Graham i" "Friend? Curse him," is Lynne's reply; then he turns to me with white, haggard face, and white quivering lips. "Madoline i" he cries, "oh! my love, tell me you do not mean what you said; tell me it is only to try me i" "It is true. I am engaged to Mr. Graham," I answer, coldly. "I have, could have me motive in telling an untrath about the matter."

I put out my hand and pluck a glorious rese and hold it to me, apparently indifferent. I harden my face and stand before him proud and calm, while he pleads for the love which is his, but which my pride will not let me avow. Why is it that the more he pleads the harder

Why is it that the more he pleads the harder my heart grows? A moment ago I saked for sunlight, and Lynne has brought it and offered it me, and I deliberately put it irom me, chousing the darkness, because he has wounded my prida. He is suffering, I tell myself; let him suffer. I have had to bear it, it is his turn now; but I forget the years of bitter ageny I am giving myself in gratifying these thoughts.

There is a sorrowful reproach in his eyes as he

There is a sorrowful reproach in his eyes as he turns them upon me, and it hurts me, but does not melt the ice that is growing round my heart. "Is there no truth in weman, or woman's glances?" he mutters, howevely.

"Oh! yes," I reply, flippantly, "when, like Sairey Gamp, they feel so 'dispoged."

"Oh, Heavens! Madoline!" he cries, catching my hands in his, and crushing them in his

excitement, till I nearly call aloud with pain.
"How dare you trifls with a man as you have with me! I dared to hope, fool that I was,

that you cared for me still. As if a woman could love so long."

"Care for you atili!" I echo, scornfully. "I awar cared for you, and never could. Release me, Mr. Morton, you are a coward; release me, and seek some other field to pursue your game in."

in."
He stands, still holding my hands, utterly speechless for some moments, gazing fixedly into my face; then with a light, bitter laugh—which I shall never forget—throws my hands from him with such force that I stagger back.

"Ralease you! Thank Heaven, I can grant your request so easily. Coward! What do you think of a woman who can treat a man as Miss Westebrooke has me! Bah! such as you are not worth answ."

worth anger."

With these words he turns away, leaving me alone with the roses, with the sunlight, and my own wilfully shattered happiness. I do not sink down among the roses and bemoan my fate to them. I do not ring my hands and cry aloud to

the heavens.

No! I turn my eyes wearly upon the rare bauties of the garden, my head lifted proudly, and tell myself that I have acted rightly, that my pride called for such behaviour, and my heart feels like a stone in my bosom!

Yes, I know that never again—though the world will call me happy, rich, and prosperous—shall I call happiness my own, and I turn away from the sunwhite and go back to my room, where I draw the curtains and lie down on my couch to seek peace in oblivious sleep.

# CHAPTER V.

Ah I what shall I be at fifty? Should Nature keep me aliva; If I find the world so bitter, When I am but twenty-five?"

WE are all back in London ; by "we" I mean

We are all back in London; by "we" I mean the world of fashlon, for in the pride and arrogance of our riches and birth we never count the "people" as part of the living world.

I cary them sometimes when I see a pair of happy lovers trudging merrily and bravely through the mud and slush, heedless of discomfort, because content and trust reign in their heavies. But I am not all belonging to the hearts, But I a But I am not all belonging to the

fashionable world.

I and my aunt are due at a ball to night, and I am thinking ruefully of the rain that I shall have to run through from the carriage to the house, and wondering what auntic would say if

house, and woodering what suntle would say if I proposed romaining at home.

Christmas is very near, and real Christmas weather has set to; snow has been falling all day—mow that melted as soon as it touched the earth or pavement—and now at half-past three in the atternoon the streets prosent snything but a pleasant sight—mud and slush everywhere, on roads, pavements, and pofestrians.

A drary, hopeless sight is London in the winter! I think it never did look so hopeless as it does now, for the pretty, white snow has given place to a slow, dull, missling rain, and a faint fog is creeping up from somewhere, leaving no distant view, only the dull, ogly street.

I turn away from the window and go over to the fireplace, where I kneel down resting my

the fireplace, where I kneel down resting my

I always like forming pictures in the fire; like Lizzle, in "Our Mutual Friend," it is my one solace now; in the growing embers I see things over new, nothing there remainds me of the Irravocable past.

A ring comes at the front door while I kneel there in the semi darkness, with the warm glow of the fire on my face, and I shudder, even in my thick orimson velvet robe, as a gust of wind sweeps through the house; but I do not give a nght as to who is may be.

Presently the door opens and a man's figure comes across the room to me. It is George Graham, and I rise with a little cry of surprise,

not unmingled with pleasure.

I like my lover, love him with a quiet, sinterly tove that cannot riped into a warmer

sentiment, and he is always so pleasant a

companion!

Daring these past months he has urged me continually to name an early day for our marrisgs, and though I know it would be far better to have it over, and go away from London and its old memories, I cannot find it in my heart to say the words that will effectually put me away from Lynne and Lynne's love. Such is

inconsistency of my nature.

'All alone t' says George, bending over me, I do not rise. "What are you thinking of, for I do not rise.

"I was wishing auntis would let me stay at home to night?" I reply, with arusful sigh, and

George laugha.

That is the first time I ever heard a young lady express a wish to absent herself from a ball to which she had been invited !" he cries. "Well, it is not she ball, is is the rain which I

object to," I return with an echo of his laugh,
"You will come, dearest?" he sake. "I must
be there, the mater will never forgive me were I

to absent myself; and you know what an even-ing it will be to be without you!"

"I was not really in earnest!" was my re-joinder; and then we commence talking on the

jointer; and then we commence taking on the different topics of the day. "By-the-bye, I believe our wadding won't be the only one of the season!" remarks George, when he has extracted a half promise from me to

become his wife early in the New Year.

"No!" I say, only half-interested; marriages have not the charm for me which they held six years ago. "Whose is lt!"

"Why, I am not sure, but it is bruited about that Lynne Dysars Morton is engaged to Miss

care for me !

So he rattles on in the deepening dusk, un conscious of the sudden paling of my cheek, of the wild unreasonable throb of anger and agony that swept over me at his words.

Lynne engaged—going to be married! Oh, the agony of that thought, and yet, did I think he would remain single? It could, must have some in the natural course of things, but it falls upon me like a knell of death, and makes it clearer to me than it has ever been before that he and I are really and truly separated for sy

"Why are you so silent, Madoline?" asks George, noticing my preoccupation at length, and I rouse myself sufficiently to length as I

lecause you have given me no time to speak but have been rattling on about marriage, and marriages all the time!"

marriages all the time!
George's face grows serious at my retorts, and
he stoops over me so that he can use my face by
the flickering firelight.
"How can I help but talk of what is ever in

my mind?" he asks softly, "I want my bride

I am spared having to give a reply, for just then the door springs open, and a footman enters, bearing a lighted lamp, and a few minutes after the gong goes for dinner. We are dining early to-night on account of the ball, and I rise quickly, saying to George,

"Come along as you are here! Jennings is sure to put a knife and fork for you!"

And so he comes in. Or course we have a pleasant meal. George is with us, and he always manages to keep up a merry, yet amusing ball of conversation.

He does not stay after dinner is over, for he has to go home and dress before he can escort us to the Duchess 8—— 's reception or ball; and then I go up to my room and submit myself to my maid.

I have chosen a pink slik, heavily trimmed with old isce. For my ornaments I have pearls, and I know when I survey myself in the long cheval glass that none will sollpse me !

There are mements when I feel fiercely proud

of my beauty, when I long to let Lyane see others seek after me and court my notice; and then there always comes the remembrance that whatever happened in the past, he has pleaded in

vain in the present. Whatever else is, my pride has been appeared,

Isa Grante is here, looking fairy-like in a pale blue gamy dress that suits her fair, waxen skin; but I have been pronounced the belle, and a thrill of pleasure ran through me at the verdict; not that I had outrivalled that other girl, but that Lynne should hear. I heard someone my that Miss Westebrook reminded him of a picture

that Miss Westebrook reminded him of a picture by Greuze, and it pleased me.
George and I have been dancing to the lovely music. Once or twice as we whirled round I saw Lynne and Miss Granta waltring together; but I have less sight of them now, and George is leading me to the conservatory.

It is deliciously cool here. Soft strains of music come from the distant ball-room, and the sharp, clear tinkle of fountains fill the six that is laden with perfuser of many florers. The basic

laden with perfame of many flowers. Tall shrubs in handsome china vases are disposed gracefully about, and to a seat pear one of these George

"I shall not be ten minutes!" he says, as he

turns away.

I have asked him to bring me an ice, and of course he must rush off at once on the errand. I smile to myself as I think of his great and honest love for my unworthy self, and then my thoughts wander away from my immediate surroundings.

Suddenly I hear Lynne's voice, sounding as if it comes from my side, whispering in soft, low

accents,-Dearcet !"

With a start I look round; but there is no

With a state I look round; but there is no one near, and then through the thick pollshed leaves, where they cannot see me, I behold Lynne and Isa Grante.

She is looking very lovely with that flush of pleasure on her face; and Lynne—Lynne is garling down at her while he holds her hands in his—and I know, though I cannot hear, that he

his—and I know, though I cannot hear, that he is asking her to be his wife.

A cold, numbed feeling comes over me as I see her lift her eyes shyly to his face, and her voice sounds very clear and solt as she half whispers,

Lynne, I can trust my life to you

"Yes, Lynns, I can trust my his to you without fear i"
And then I hear him say that he cannot give her a love good enough, that his heart is seared from contact with the world; but he will strive to make her happy. I do not hear her reply. The room is whirling round with me, and a thousand cataracts seem rearing in my cars when

thousand cataracts seem roaring in my ears when George's footsteps rouse me.

I must not let him see that I am troubled. I knew that Lynne and I were parted long ego. Have I not engaged myself to George Graham! What, then, is Lynne's marriage to me! Nothing! It should be nothing to me, and I strive to gather my senses and smile up at George when he nears me; and he gives back an answering smile as he asks,

"Have I been long, Madoline? You see I got the ice!" holding it towards me; "but it was a fight I can tell you!"

the ice!" holding it towards me; "but it was a fight, I can tell you!"
"Yes," I reply, as I take it from him. "I am sorry I gave you so much trouble!"
"Don't talk like that to me, please, Madoline. I don't like it!" says George, in a hurt tone.
At the sound of our voices these two on the other side start. I can see them, but George cannot and I see a Lanne's face seemed.

cannot; and I see Lynne's face grow suddenly pals, as my voice, mingled with that of my lover, falls upon his ear; and then he puts out his hand and draws hers through his arm, and leads

her away.

George catches sight of them as they enter
the ball-room, and turns to me—his eyes full
of tender pleading, and I make up my mind that
I will promise to marry him whenever he wishes
—only making one very feeble fast struggle for

—only making one very feeble that struggle for my freedom.

"Bhall we go back to the ball-room?" I ask knowing well that he will tell me no?

"No?" he returns, laying his hand on mine.
"Not until I have asked you thits: When are you going to become my wife? When will you give yourself to me, Madoline, my love?"

He is so terribly in earnest, is is a thousand pitles I cannot reciprocate such a love; but

human love is not the "growth of human will,"

and I cannot give what he so richly deserves.
Still I can be hind, and he need haver know that my love for him is not as strong as his for me. So I put up my hand and lift my eyes to

me. So I par up bis as I say.

"I will marry you whenever you like,

George!"
A look of rapture comes into the honest eyes,
and a bright, glad smile lights up his handsome

face.
"My love, my love!" he ories; "you are
too good to me!" He has his arms about me,
and his lips are upon mine; and I look up and
see Lynne standing at the entrance to the con-

servatory.

"Release me, George !" I whisper, hurriedly;
"we are not alone !" but Lynne has disappeared
when he turns round.
"Whom did you see?" he asks, a little im-

patiently.

patiently.

"I saw a man's figure in the doorway," is my reply; and then, the ice broken after his raptures, we return to the topics of the everyday world; and, after awhile, to the ballroom.

Ab, how glad am I when my aunt proposes home! Body and mind are fathgued, and I know my face is very pale when I lean back in the carriage and bid our friends good-night.

### CHAPTER VI.

And is it that the heats of grief hiskes former gladness loom The lowness of the present a That sets the past in this relief?

My annt and I are staying down at Brank-aome, a pretty little village a mile from the busy, thriving bown of M——, Christmas is over, and we are all busy proparing for the New Year's Eve

Auntie is well known for her country-house balls, and she tells me this is to be an extra successful one, as it will be my last as Miss

Wastebrooke.

Yes, I am to be married to Lieutenant George Graham on New Year's Day. My wedding dress lies in my room upstairs, with vall and dainty

above and gloves.
Outside the world is white and lovely, with here and there a glitter of polished holly leaves and searlet berries peeping out; white and pure as my bridal robe is the world to day.
They tell me I shall be a snow maideo if there is not a thaw to morrow, and I think grimly of the snow capped mountains and their hearts of five.

George is staying with his uncle, who lives a few miles from Holly House—my home—and he rides here nearly every day on some pretent or other

Lynne's place is somewhere here, I know; it I will not ask. I never let his name cross

my lips.

I do not know if he is staying here, or if he is in London still. I know nothing of what is going on, for I never read the papers now. I always fear seeing Lynno's marriage with Isa Grante announced, and so the days go on with a kind of

amounced, and so the days go on with a kind of drowsy monotony.

We are quite alone—my aunt and I—and I never go out visiting, making the coming nuptials my excuse. We are sitting, my aunt half asleep, I reading in the study one afternoon, when we hear carriage-wheels coming round the drive, and I throw aside my book half pleased at the interruption, and wait expectantly, wondering who our visitors are.

A few asconds slapse, and then James enters, announces "Mrs. Graham and Miss Dysart!"

I start at the last name. Miss Dysart! Surely not his sixter! Ah, yes, I know those dark eyes; the has Lynne's eyes, but they are not so beautiful.

"You are Madoline Westebrooke!" the save.

You are Madoline Westebrooke!" she says,

as our hands and eyes meet, and something in her voice and manner makes me flush.

Of course she knows all about that olden affair.
He told me he never had a secret from his sister.

Ah, if I had only spoken out then, if I had only

gene to him with that letter, and asked for an explanation! But regrets are useless. W

"She has come down for the wedding!" says Mrs. Graham, turning to me with a smile. "So I thought I would bring her over to see the other bride-elect."

"Whose wedding are you speaking of, Mrs. Graham?" I sak, a sickening dread of her reply

I am standing with the light full on my face. She cannot see me well from her seat on the divan, though, but Lynne's sister is beside me, and I see her start and look keenly at me, when my face grows cold and rigid at hirs. I cabe m's careless rejoinder.

"Lynne's, of course. Isa Grant's father lives twenty miles from here, but in a straight line; so Lizzie is to go with her brother !"

Lynne's marriage, and then mine! Ah! once

his wedding day was to be mine also!

Miss Dysart puts out her hand, and says, in a
voice very different from the one in which she
first spoke.

"Come into the garden, Miss Westebrooks, I should like to see it; I am so foud of flowers."

should like to see is; I am so foud of flowers."

And so we go out into the white shrouded grounds, each forgetting that there are no flowers in December. When we pause beside a great laurel that has shaken some of the snow from its heavily-laden branches, which stand out richly green among the white, and she speaks, I know that, in speaking of flowers, she made the only snows for getting me alone with her that she could think of at the moment.

"Miss Westebrooke," she says, "will you think me impertinent if I ask you to tell me what parted you and my brother? I am not asking out of idle curiosity, believe me."

For a moment I stand dumbly before her; then, with a cy that has in it the sound of a deep despair, I go forward a step. Yes, I will

despair, I go forward a step. Yes, I will her! She looks true and earnest. I will her, and perhaps —. Ah! what am I her I

tell her, and perhaps ——. Ah! what am I thinking of ? There is no perhaps now!

Word for word I tell her, keeping back nothing. She grows very pale while I speak, and then she puts her arms round me, and our tears mingle as

"It was my silly pride. I thought I could be happy without him, and that he was only marrying me because he had given me his word of honour; since, I have fancled I might have been mistaken."

"Mistaken !" she echoes. "Ah, how woe-"Mistaken!" abe echoes. "Ah, how woefully! My brother was ill, vary ill, after he returned to us, and, in his ravings, begged you to explain your sudden change; then he would grow sarcustic, and again plead with you. I used to hate you, but, when I saw your face to-day I felb it was the face of an honest, pure-minded woman; and when you paled at mention of Lynne's marriage, I determined to ask if there had not been says a mistake."

"But," I say, lifting my head wearily, "what did he mean by saying he was in honour bound

to marry me?"

"You should have spoken to him—have told him," returns my companion, a triffs sternly. "I saw that letter; it went on to say that he loved you more than life—more than all the world beside—and that, were you not already engaged—in the face of my father's request—he would still tesk you as his wife."

"May I sak what was that request i" I say, my own voice sounding odd to my ears, so cold and calm, and yet there is a wild, maddening despair raging within me.

"I tell the story of a father's shame and weakness, an complying with your request, Miss. Westebrooks," ahe rejoins, flushing; "but in justice's name, I will tell th."

Bowing my head in acknowledgment, I await.

Bowing my head in acknowledgment, I await her words, feeling only half interested; for what does it matter new! Lynne is lost to me for

ever. "My father was—he is dead now—a gambler," commences L'azie Dysart, " and one night he lost very heavily; and to meet this so—salled debt of honour he signed another's name of a cheque for the amount? The forgery was discovered, and the man threatened to prosecute univers the

money was returned in a given time. He could not do this; but there was then a rich millowner's daughter in London, who fell in love with my broaher at first sight, and my father determined that a marriage should take place between them, and so gain for himself the money required. He wrote and told Lynne this. You know his

"Did the man prozecute!" I ask, as she

"No, an uncle of ours died out in India, and his wealth spared us that disgrace. Lynne had to take his name with the money, half of which—the money, I mean—he made over to my father Lynne had and mother,

We both stand there in allence for some time, the tinkling of sleigh bells coming to us through the clear, crisp air. My heart feels ico-bound, though there is a fire there.

I am glad you have told me," I murmur at.
"I have feit sometimes that he loved me,

but my pride—"
"Pride 1" echose Lizzle, and I fluck at the seorn in her voice. "Oh, Madoline Westebrocke, how could you let pride stand between you and happiness—between yourself and the man you lear!"

"I cannot tell. It is so, and I cannot recall it ow," I rejoin, wearily. "I am to be married now," I rejoin, wearily. "I am to be married in four days, and then my life will begin afresh.

Come, let us return to the house."

And so we go back—I with a strange sensation of having heard a sad tale not concerning myself, Lizele Dyeart looking pale and grave; but we are friends, and shall remain so, I feel sure, for

My aunt gives me a keen glance as we re-enter the room, but she does not speak, neither does she question me when we are once more alone; only puts her hand on my shoulder and says

coftly,"Madoline, you look as if you had heard good news, but that it had come too late.

It is even so, ms chère ; the mists are cleared, but the sweet flowers have withered and died that once grew on the landscape, the cloud has lifted and shown me a long bare stretch of land. with no-

"Hush, my child !" she futerrupts, " do not speak so; all may come right, and you are to be

married soon.

Yes, and I leved Lynne in the past. I love him now, and he loves may be. Our lives must of a necessity be very happy," is my sarcastic report; and I lock sadly into her face, wondering what she will say; but she does not reply to my

She draws back with a shocked face, and comneed of the state of the state

Poor auntie, and I go wathout a word.

Poor auntie, and has a good, tender beart, but she has a wholesome fear of Mrs. Grandy. She would never have persuaded me to marry George without loving him, were he ever so rich, or a duke of the royal blood; but now my wedding-day is so near, she would not have me draw back, even if I broke my heart in marrying. Scandal

is her horror.

I never heard her speak a word of scandal during all the time I have lived with her; and she would never feel comfortable among her old friends, I feel sure, were I to break my engagement now.

She need not fear. I have broken my own hears; I do not wish to break George's also. He shall pever know.

### CHAPTER VII., AND LAST.

This is my wedding morn. Last night's bail was a great success, and Lynne and his bride were here. They are staying to be present at my wedding, because the two bridegrooms are such old friends and near neighbours.

Well, it does not matter much. We met calmly, as friends should do, and when we meet again after our honoymoon, trips I shall have really gained the calm I now assume.

The ceremony is to be performed here, I

with

to

wished to have a quiet wedding, but in that I decorations, both in the house is one mass of decorations, both in the matter of upholstery and flowers. The great drawing-room is hung with white satin, looped with snowdrops and laurel-leaves, and bunches of scarlet holly-

Vases of hothouse flowers stand about in lovely confusion and perfume the whole air, and the world looks so calm and pure in her glittering robes, with the sunlight changing it into a thou-

robes, with the sunlight changing is into a thousand glittering hues.

My maid will be here to dress me presently. I have requested to be left alone for half an hour to think. But my thinking does not amount to anuch, for thoughts get mixed—only one stands out clearly to-day. I am about to be married, and the man to whom I have given my soul's love will be here with his bride to witness my

I can hear the voices of my brides maids as they laugh merrily over their dressing, and think of the time when I could laugh like that.

George, Lynne, and his wife and sister are coming together, and I wonder idly which road they will come, and how Isa Dysart Morton will

All idle, ussless thoughts, and then there is a

All idle, useless thoughts, and then there is a knock at the door, and my aunt comes in. She is already dressed and looks very handsome in her velvet and lace with diamond ornaments.

"You must let L'zette dress you now," she says. "I have come to superintend."

And so I submit myself to their hands, sitting pale and allent while they brush out my bronze hair and pile it in waving masses on my head, like a crown with pearls among it, standing up when they tell me to be robed in my bridal

Then they lead me to a long glass that reflects the whole figure, to admire the result. It is a lovely picture I see there. My face is white and still as that of a statue, only my dark-fringed cyes are glowing with the turmoil that is within

Oh | Lynne, Lynne ! If I had been robed thus to receive yor, how my heart would rejoice at the sight of that levely form and beautiful white face, with its crown of bronze and pearls! Ah i my face would grow warm then. George Graham

my tace would grow warm these. George Granam will, indeed, marry an foe-maiden. No thought of him will ever thrill me, nor quloken one pulse of my being. I turn away. I am ready. I wish the others were here. I hate am ready. I wish waiting at all time

"You have made me dress too soon, auntie !"

I say. "George is not here."
"He should have been here half an hour ago," responds she, "but the roads are in a dreadfully slippery state, and I suppose they have to walk the horses."

"I detest waiting," I reply, almost impati-nily, as I go to the window from which I can see

the road.

And as I stand there I see a carriage turn the bend, the carriage that contains my love and my bridegroom. And then the horses suddenly allp; there is a cry, a woman's cry, and the carriage lies over in the snew with one man under its

I cannot remain here calmly waiting, and with-

I cannot remain here calmly waiting, and without pausing to put anything round my shoulders,
I open the door and pass swiftly down the stairs,
never pausing till I have reached the garden,
where I meet the affidghted coachman.
"Oh! miss?" he gasps, "Mr. Lynne is——"
Without waiting for another word, I dash past
him towards the readway, where that figure Hes
crushed under the wheels of the overturned
brougham. I know what he was going to say—
"Mr. Lynne is dead."

On, on I go, the long train of my dress a ing over the whitened earth with a dull swish.
On, on, till I reach the scope of the accident.

On, on, till I reach the scope of the accident.

I do not see the others. I only see a man's form lying still, on his face in the snow, and with a great cry in which is all the pent-up love and regret of years, I throw myself beside him, murmuring, brokenly,—

"Lynne, Lynne, my love! Oh, look up, if 'tis only for one moment, and hear me say that

it is all a mistake—that I have loved you always,

and you only !"

But the figure never moves, though my warm arms are laid about the neck, and my warm breath faus the cheek. There is no sign of life.

"My love!" I whisper again. "Do you not hear me! It is Madoline! Here you forgotten,

love id then a hand is laid on my arm, and some-one draws me back from that dead form, and I see George Graham's fair hair dabbled in blood— George Graham's dead white face lying on the snow. He has been spared the sorrow of a love-

snow. He has been spared the sorrow of a loveless marriage.

I turn to see who it is that has drawn me
away, and meet Lyane's eyes, dark with passionate love and pain. His face is white as that
of the dead at our feet, and his voice is harsh
with agony when he speaks.

"Come away, Madoline!" he says, using my
Ohristian name unconsciously, and I let him lead
me away. We go up the road together in allence,
passing the men who are coming to bear that
quiet form to the house which he left last night
in health and strength. When we reach the
portice Lynne turns to me and says,—

"Come to the rose-house to-night—I mean at
dusk. I wish to speak with you!"

I bow my head in allent acquisecence. I cannot speak now. I feel stricken dumb. Goorge,
my handsome, loyal-hearted tover dead, dead,
and this was to have been our wedding-day.

I cannot cry for him, but I feel as I go back to
my room shat I would give up my own life for
his. So young, so loved, so worthy all that I
never gave him! I feel almost as though I were
guilty of his death.

guilty of his death.

My aunt comes to me presently, and without a word removes my wedding garments, and then goes away and leaves me, as I beg of her to do,

to my own thoughts. An awful stillness reigns in the house, and as is light begins to wans I feel almost afraid to

ait here by myeelf.

alt here by myeet.

Strange sounds seem to be in the room, figures
passing to and fro. Once or twice I fancy George
is in the room, and that he is speaking to me,
asking me to do something and I cannot understand.

And then I rise and put on my cloak. I will go to Lynne. He is waiting for me and I want to hear what he has to say. I meet no one on my way, and once cut in the garden I run, awiftly, till I come to the rose-house. There are no roses now.

(Continued on page 92)

### A SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM FOR 8 YEARS CURED BY ONE BOTTLE OF ST. JACOBS OIL.

"I HAVE been a sufferer of Rheumatism for 8 years, and a friend recommended me to use Sa Jacobs Oll, from which I have received great benefit. I have been so set fast that I could not get my hands



to my head. but after bathing with hot water. and wellrub bing in the Oil, the pain and stiffness had almost day, and quite WELG cured by the contents of one bottle. I always recommend it to anyone I

in pain. I shall always do so, as I believe it to be very good for all kinds of pain. If this statement will be of any use to you to make known St. Jacobs Oll, you are quite welcome to use it.

"Yours truly, Mrs. E. MILTON, "30, Nile Road, Gorleston, Great Yarmouth."

## FOR LOVE'S SWEET SAKE

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CHAPTER XXII.

SYBIL STATES HER CASE.

Moss thoroughly taken shack than he had ever been in his life before, Palce followed the girl into the hall, which was in semi-obscurity, for it was already dusk, and no lamps were yes lighted. At the same moment the door of the library opened, and Sybil Marsh stood on the threshold.

"Is that Mr. Marlows, Jane?" she saked, "Is that Mr. Marlows, Jane?" she saked, peering through the darkness. Then she added, with some asperity, "How is it there is no light! Go at once and fetch the taper to Mghi the lamps. You servants seem completely delt to day, and instead of helping me as you ought to do, you are perfectly useless. Who has just come in t."

come in t "
"It's me, miss," said Pates, stepping forward, and removing his hat. "I came to see Mrs.

n, but

Craven, but—"
"Ah, you had not heard of her death? It was dreadfully sudden, poor thing, at the last, though she has been ailing for some time. Come in, Mr. Paice, I am all alone, though I am expecting the lawyer every minute."

She led the way into the library, where a couple of caudles on the mantel-piece gave forth a faint illumination, sufficient, however, to show Sybll's pale face and glesming dark eyes, rimmed round with red as if she had been crying. And yet a sort of subdued triumph in her manner contradicted the idea of sorrow.

tradicted the idea of sorrow.
"If you had any business with poor Mrs.
Craven you had better communicate it to me," she said, with a sharp glauce at the detective from under her lowered lids. "I have taken charge of everything—for the present, at any

"My business with the poor lady does not matter now that she is gone," returned Paice, genuine distress in his tone. "But I cm's realise it, Miss Marsh. You see, living new Sunningdale as I did, I knew her when she was a little girl with golden halr, and eyes as blue as violets, as full of life and spirits as she could be it don't seem possible that she can be dead!" He paused a moment, nervously fingering his hat, then he added, "When did it happen, hat, th

"Some time during the night; it is impossible to say exactly when. Her maid went to her as usual this morning with her cup of tea, and her acreams of alarm aroused me. I rushed in, and the minute I saw the poor darling's face I knew that the worst had happened. Of course, I sent for a dector at once, but he could do nothing—she had passed away quietly in her sleep."

Sybli half-turned away, and pressed her hand-kerchief against her eyes. "It is a terrible thing, and yet I cannot help seeing that she has been apared a great deal of misery, her life was such a very unhappy one. Ever since her hasband's departure she has been utterly unlike her old self, and many times over she has told me that ahe would rather die than live. Peor thing! Fate has been cruel to her. First of all her ahe would rather die than live. Poor thing!
Fate has been cruel te her. First of all her father's terrible end, and then her husband's desertion, you cannot wonder that her mind became unhinged under the etrain."

"Bat that would not cause her death—she must have had some bodily disease," urged Pales, in a questioning tone.

Once more Sphil glanced sharply at him from under her blue-veined lide, but she flattered her self the glance was too swift for him to notice it. "She suffered from a weak heart, and she died from failure of the heart's action."

"Is that what the doctor says!"

from failure of the heart's action."

"Is that what the doctor says 1"

"That is what the doctor says, and he will give a certificate to that effect. And now, Mr. Patie, that I have given you those details, I must be gyou to leave me, though, as I sail before, I am quite ready to listen to any information you may have to impart regarding your object for seeking my poor friend."

"I have told you it is of no importance at all, now that she's dead," returned the detective, a

spice of obstinacy in his tone. "I suppose I had better wish you good evening, Miss I." He waited for a moment on the threshold, but Sybil only nodded a dismissal wishout looking at him. Clearly she had not the smallest intention of inviting him to stay the night, though she knew he had just come off a long journey, and would have some miles to walk to the nearest railway station. railway station.

raliway station.

As a matter of fact Sybil was deeply annoyed with Paica. She had been most anxious to know the business that brought him to Hurst Royal, and his refusal to satisfy hur had roused her fre. It would have been more diplomatic on her part to keep on friendly terms with the man, but her tamper got the better of her—not for the first time!—and, besides, she fancied her position was now quite strong enough to permit her to follow the dictates of her fancy, regardless of conse-

the dictates of her fancy, regardless of consequences.

Pales had hardly left the room before a servant came in to light the lamp, and directly afterwards Mr. Marlowe was announced.

"This is a very dreadful thing, Miss Marsh—very dreadful 1" he observed, conventional sympathy hardly disguising the sharp legal briskness of his ordinary manner. "When your note arrived, telling me of Mrs. Craven's death, I was out, but my people wired the intelligence on to me, and I made all haste to get here. Now, if you please, I shall be glad of all the information you can give me on the subject."

Tao merest suspicion of a frown contracted Sybli's dark brows. She did not like this man, and she did not like the tone he adopted towards her. If it had been possible she would have kept him out of the house, but she knew this was more than she dared attempt, and, therefore, made the best of a bad situation.

In as few words as possible she gave an account of poor Ciarice's death—an account almost identical with that she had already given Paice.

"And, as her husband was out of England, and you were acking as his solicitor, I thought the best plan would be for me to send you word of what had occurred, wish as little delay as possible," she added, in conclusion.

"Right—quite right. It was, indeed, the only bing you could do. Before he left England Mr.

"Right—quite right. It was, indeed, the only bing you could do. Before he left Rogland Mr. Craven gave me what is called a power of attorney, and under that authority it will be my duty to take possession of this place and act as his donuty."

He glanced round with the air of a master, and A by bil's colour burned crimson in her cheeks, but she did not speak, and the lawyer's eyes fell on some keys lying on the table. He took them up, read the labels attached, and put them in his

"The keys of Mrs. Craven's jewels, I see. I had better take possession of the jewels themselves, and lodge them in the bank for safe custody until

and lodge them in the bank for eate custody until Mr. Craven returns."
"Wait a moment, if you please," Sybil said, in curlously quiet tones, that showed she was putting a great restraint on herself, "the jewels do not belong to Mr. Craven; they go, if I mis-take not, to their former owner's helr-at-law."
Marlowe stared at her in astonishment at hear-ing these least absence on the line and smiled

ing these legal phrases on her lips, and smiled

Very well, then, I can guard them for the heir-at-law.

"There is no necessity for you to do so, Mr. Marlowe, seeling that that person is here to look after her own interests. I am Ciarlos Craven's

"You!" His tone expressed as much scorn as unbelief. Sybli turned upon him with flashing eyes.
"I, and none other )

"I, and none other !"
There was that in her voice which somehow carried conviction with it. The solicitor looked at her attentively, and instinctively rose to his feet, as she was already standing.
"You must excuse my incredulity, Miss Marsh, but you have sprung a miss upon me, and you can hardly wonder at my being taken at a disadvantage. Will you kindly explain by what right you make this claim !"
"The right of being Mrs. Craven's nearest relation. She was my half-sister."

Marlowe raised his eyebrows. The situation was getting clearer now. He remembered how this lady had come to his office some months ago for instruction on the subject of inheriting pro-perty, and how he had wondered at the time in what was it a final had been a subject of inheriting pro-

perty, and how he had wondered at the time in what way it affected her.

"Sir.Alvick Chandos was married twice, firstly to my mother, and after her death, to the mother of Clarice," Sybil added.

"And from which of these ladies did the jewels come—the last Lady Chandos, I pre-

"That is correct, but she made a will be queathing everything she possessed -- money, jewels, land -- to her daughter absolutely, and as

jewels, land—to her daugnter absolutely, and as the daughter made no will, all these go to her heir-at-law—myself."
"Gently, Miss Marsh, if you please. There is the husband to consider. He has, at least, a life interest."

"He would have, but for the terms of his marriage settlement, whereby he renounces all his rights. Mr. Craven was very anxious to lay aside all claim that his marriage might give him to Sir Alvick Chandoe's wealth, and insisted on this clause being inserted in the settlement. You see there is no flaw in my title, Mr. Marlowa."

The solicitor rose and walked to the window and back, his brows bent in thought. Such a position as this had never come within his experience, and it required some little consideration. Sybil's eyes followed his every movement, until he paneed opposite to her.

until he paused opposite to her.
"You are right, Miss Marsh. If Mr. Craw made the proviso you name in his marriage settle-ment, then not only his wife's estates, but this ment, then not only his wife's estates, but this house and grounds go to you, for he executed a deed of gift of them to Mrs. Craven before setting out for Africa. Of course, I speak with the understanding that your title will bear investigation. For instance, I suppose you can prove that your mother was legally married to Sir Alvick Chandos?"

"Certainly. They were married at a little country church in Ireland, and I have a copy of

the ourtificate."

Why was the marriage kept secret, may I

ask ?"

"Because my mother was of lower rank than her husband—in point of fact, she acted as maid to his aunt. But she was very lovely, and he seems to have been passionately fond of her—for a time. Afterwards, his passion cooled. My mother died soon after I was born, and I was taken to Italy to her relations, who, however, did not know that a marriage had actually taken place. Afterwards they emigrated to America, and Sir Alvick placed me at a boarding school in and Sir Alvick placed me at a boarding school in England, where I remained until I left it to become companion to his daughter Ciarice."

"Quite a romantic story. And, may I inquire, were you aware of your relationship to Sir Alvick?"

"I suspected it, though I had never been told

in so many words,"
"Then Mrs. Craven did not know either!"

"Then Mrs. Craven did not know either?"
"She had not the lest idea of it."
"I am surprised at that. It would have seemed only natural that you should tell her."
"I had my own reasons for not doing so,"
Sybil returned, a trific sharply; then, fearing she had been indiscreet, she added, "I kept silent out of consideration for her. It would have been a shock to her to know that her father had deserted his first wife in her direst need, and left her to die alone. Clarice adored her father, and her to die alone. Clarice adored her father, and could never bear to think him less than perfect. Besides, it would have done me no good to tell the truth—I should have gained nothing by it."

"Except position."

Bybli shrugged her shoulders,
"That would have meant little if I had not had the money to keep it up. As a matter of fact, it is only recently that I obtained absolute proof of the marriage."

"In what way did you obtain them?"

"It is a long story and not worth datalling to

"It is a long story, and not worth detailing to rou, Mr. Marlowe. Suffice it to say, I did obtain them, and here they are."

She drew out of the folds of her dress a small sacket wrapped in oil silk, and opening it, took from it two alips of paper, which she offered for

the lawyer's inspection — keeping, however, a jealous eye on him all the time. He examined them carefully before returning them to her. They were certificates of the marriage of Giulia Pesci and Alvick Chandos, and of the birth of their child Sybil. Of their anthenticity there could be no question.

"Have I proved my case, Mr. Marlowe?" she asked, her voice thrilling with a hardly repressed triumph.

triumph.

triumph.

He bowed gravely.

"To the best of my belief you have, Miss Marsh." He was silent for a few minutes, apparently lost in deep thought, then he said, in a lowered tone, "I should like to see poor Mrs. Craven if you would allow me to do so. It is and duty, and the sconer it is performed the

A shiver seemed to run through Sybil's frame,

but she rose, and went towards the door.
"If you will follow me, I will take you to

as if the task were very distanteful to her.

A mournful allence lay like a spell on the house; in the distant kitchen the servants were

house; in the distant kitchers the servants were-huddled together whispering comments on their-young mistress's death, and outside the snow-was still falling, as it to make a shroud for the-poor young wife, whose soul was as white as the-drifting flakes.

Those tiresome servants have forgotten to "Those thresome servants have forgotten to-light the lamp, though I told them specially to do so!" exclaimed Sybli, in amnoyance, as on reaching the upper landing they found them-selves in darkness. "If you will wait here for a few moments, Mr. Marlowe, I will fetch a candle '

candle."

"Can't I fe'ch it for you ?"

"No, thank you. I should be much too nervous to stay here in the dark while you were gone," ahe responded quickly, slipping past him before he could prevent her.

The lawyer smiled at her feminine fears, he have not in the leave a party of the leave.

himself was not in the least a nervous man. It was therefore all the more surprising that as he stood there, facing the door of the death chamber, snoot there, racing the door of the death enamour, he should suddenly feel as if a breath of cold also passed over him, chilling him to the very marrow with its icy spell. At the same moment a tail figure, shapeless in the dusk, gilded by, and, was immediately lost in the depth of the shadows.

### CHAPTER XXIII.

### ANOTHER MYSTERY.

So quickly had the apparition passed that Mr. Marlowe could not be certain whether it was a real creature or only a phantom of his imagina-tion. It is true he was not in the habit of fancying things, but at the present moment he felt distinctly unnerved—why, he would have found It difficult to say.

He hesitated whether he should mention the

He hesitated whether he should mention the incident to Sybil, but finally decided in the negative. Speech, he had found, often ked you into difficulties; ellence—never I Shading the candle she carried with unsteady fingers, Sybil opened the door of the death

ingere, Sybli opened the door of the death chamber, and went in, followed by Marlows. A couple of wax-candles were burning at the head of the bed, and, seen by their light, the still figure lying there looked like some statue of Sleep, carved in the whitest of marble.

Approaching nearer, Marlowe looked into the beautiful, pallid face, and them observed its pinched outline, and the deep bue shadows that lay upon it. How she had altered in the comparatively short interval since he had last seen her i And wet the features were perfectly transcript. paratively short interval since ne man man her! And yet the features were perfectly tranquil and composed, expressive of no pain, but rather of that eternal peace which had claimed er for its own.

her for its own.

White chrysanthemums were scattered over
the pillow on which the golden head rested, and
a bunch of sweet-scented violets lay on the
folded hands.

Man of the world as he was Marlowe felt a
curious lump rising in his throat as he looked ab

the lovely fragile creature to whom life had promised so much and had given so little. He howed his head reverently and turned away without speaking. Only when the library was once more reached did he break the silence.

"Ot course, Miss March, there will have to be

an inquest."

Sybli started so violently that the candlestick which she still held in her hand fell to the floor with a crash. Marlows bent down and picked it

up.

observed.

'Most repugnant. But is to really necessary f
Doctor Bland, whom I called in this morning,
said he would certify that death was due to

Doctor Bland, in Mr. Marlowe's private opinion, was a gentleman who would say anything he was told to say.

"I am airaid that will not be sufficient—un-less, indeed, Doctor Bland has attended poor Mrs. Craven recently."

"No. I was most anxious she should get "No. I was most anxious abs should get thoroughly good advice, and, indeed, had written to a famous London specialist to come down and see her wishout delay. I only wish I had written earlier," she concluded, sighing. Then she added, insistently, "Cannot you suggest something by which the necessity for the inquest will be got over, Mr. Marlows?"
"I am afraid not. I agree with you that the idea is unpleasant, but the law ordains that, where a person dies without having had medical attendance within a given time, an inquest move.

attendance within a given time, an inquest must be held. You see this has to be done in the interests of the community, otherwise crime would

terests of the community, otherwise crime would never be punished."
"Crime!" she repeated, under her breath.
"Poisoning, for example, which under present conditions has very little chance of floatlahing. In the middle ages poison could be administered with impunity, because there was no danger of its being discovered, but now-a-days the poisoner does not stand a ghost of a chance. There are not more than one or two poisons that do not leave traces, and those are so rare as to be almost unproductable. Science has arrived at such a pitch that is can trace the minutest portions of pitch that it can trace the minutest portions of arsonic, or strychnine, or any other deleterious matter with absolute certainty and by the most matter with absolute certainty and by the most convincing tests. Of course, I do not for a moment suggest poison in connection with Mrs. Craven's death, which was, doubtless, due to natural causes. I am only showing you the righteousness of the law that ordains an inquest when there is the slightest chance of death having been been brought about by unfair

Sybil had sunk down in an arm-chair, her face reating on her hand, her eyes downcast. As the lawyer ceased speaking, she said, in a trembling

voice,—
"I am afraid I must ask you to leave me,
Mr. Marlowe. I feel unequal to any further
exertions. This has been a very trying day for
me, remember."
"It has; but now I shall be able to take the

responsibility off your hands, and make all necessary arrangements. I will come over the first thing in the morning, and in the menutime pray try and get some sleep. You look as if you needed it."

She smiled faintly as she shock hands with She smiled faintly as she shock hands with him, but the moment the door closed she sprang to her feet, and with locked fingers began pacing up and down the room like some wild animal that finds Itself caught in an unexpected trap.

"Sleep!" she repeated bitterly, echoling the lawyer's words. "There will not be much of that for me to-night. I must think—think—

think !

For she saw before her a danger which she fancted she had overcome, but which new threatened to cover her well-contrived place with disaster, unless she could by some means

True to his promise, Mr. Marlows drove over to Hurst Royal in good time the next morning, having already acquitted himself of the mourn-ful duty of writing to let Lennox Craven know of

his wife's death. How long it would be before the letter reached the young man it was impos-sible to say, for his present whereabouts was entirely unknown even to his lawyer, who could do no more than address his tidings to the last atopping-place from which the traveller had

written.

Descending from his dogeart, Mr. Marlowe entered the house, the door of which was wide open. In the hall stood three or four servants in a frightened group, and Sybli Marsh, her face wild and haggard, came running downstairs to meet him. She tried to speak, but her agitation was so great that no words issued through her alle lies.

pale lips.

Good Heavens ! Miss Marsh, what is the matter?" asked the lawyer, thoroughly alarmed at her appearance, which was indeed that of a mad woman. Had Clarice's andden death, and her own accession to wealth, turned her head, he

"Something so dreadful that I hardly know in what words to put it," she answered in a hourse whisper, pressing her left band against her breast. "Clarice Craven's dead body has breast. "Clarice Craven's described disappeared,"

He started back and stared at her.

He started back and stared at hes.

"Disappeared—what do you mean t"

"Exactly what I say: that in the night someone forced an entry into the house, and took her away. It sounds too horrible to be true, but go upstairs, and you will see for yournelf. You may well doubt my words, for I feel half distrangle."

may wall totals and a few traught."

He needed no second bidding, and a few instants later stood in the room where the evening before he had gazed on poor Clarice's dead lovelines:

It was as Sybil had said-Clarice was no long there. The room was empty, and only the withered chrysanthemums and scattered violets showed where her body had lain.

The lawyer gazed round in bewilderment.
Hard-headed man of business as he was, he had faced many strange altustions in his professional career, but hardly one so strange as this. At the present moment he could think of no hypothesis

present moment he could think of ne hypothesis capable of explaining it.

Sybil, who had followed him up, stood on the threshold, almost as though she were afraid to onter, her eyes following his every movement, as if she thereby hoped to gain some solution of the mystery. She was dressed exactly as she had been the previous evening, and from her general appearance is essented as if she had not been to bed—which was, in effect, the case.

"What time did you find this out?" he saled at last.

Not half an hour ago." "Then you have done nothing as yet in the

"What is there to do ! I am so entirely mys-"What is there to do! I am so data by hydrified that I don't know what steps ought to be taken. I feel half dead with the shock and horror of it all," she added, wearily—and indeed it needed only a glance at her face to see that she was physically worn out.

was physically worn out.

Marlows stepped to the window and glanced through it. Park and grounds were covered with a sparkling mantle of snow, on which the sun was now shining, turning the whole place into fairyland. Suddenly there flashed across him a remembrance of the figure that had passed him in the obscurity the previous evening. In his own mind he felt sure it had not been one of the servents, and now it struck him that here

his own mind he felt sure it had not been one of the servants, and now it struck him that here might be the clue they were seeking. He asked if any stranger had been observed about the house, but the question was met by an unbestating negative.

"Do you remember that case, a little while ago, where a nobleman's body was carried off by some wretches who thought they would get a large reward to redeem it?" said Sybli, coming to his side, and lowering her voice to a whisper, "do you think the same miscreants can have been as work here, and with the same motive?"

"I don't know, it is impossible to say; but we will lose no time in making inquiries. Unfortunistely, the snow will have hidden all tracks to and from the house, and that handicaps us heavily at the outset. However, we must do

our best. But first of all I will question the household, and bear all there is to be told concerning what happened during the night."

This was, in effect, very little. The servants had gone to bed at their usual time, and elept undisturbed until the morning. If anyone had entered the house during the night, they had not heard signs of them, neither did it seem as the dear tangened with deare and deare had been tangened.

undisturbed until the morning. If anyone had entered the house during the night, they had not heard signs of them, neither did it seem as if doors or windows had been tampered with. One thing Marlowe found out for himself, namely, that a ladder was lying under the window of poor Clarice's room, and that the mow on it was not so thick as might have been expected, had it lain all night undisturbed.

Sybli's own story was simple enough. At about nine o'cloak in the morning she had gone to the death chamber carrying some fresh flowers, and had then discovered that it was empty. Beyond this she knew nothing.

Nether, in spite of all Mr. Marlows's efforts, was much more found out. Detectives came down from London, the whole county was sair, the press was fall of the graesome mystery, and people made journeys to view the spot where it had taken place, but the authors of the outrage remained undiscovered. Under cover of the night they had made their escape, and the falling snow had hidden their footsteps. So much seemed chear; but what was the motive it was impossible to say. A large reward was offsred by Marlowe on bohalf of Leonox Craven, but with no result. Days, weeks, and months passed away, and as new sensations sprang up the older one was forgotten—or, at least, cased to be discussed, since it esemed chopeles ever to expect the problem to be solved. Like the murder of Sir Alvick Chandos, it appeared destined to take its place amongst those hidden to be discussed, since it seemed hopoless ever to expect the problem to be solved. Like the murder of Sir Alvick Chandos, it is popeared destined to take its place amongst those hidden crimes of which the newspapers furnish evidence of so large a number. Popular opinion inclined to the belief that the poor young wife's dead body had been spirited away, in the hope of a large ransom, but that when the perpetrators of the outrage found what an outery was raised, they were atraid to come forward and claim the reward.

they were afraid to come forward and claim the reward.

The winter passed, spring came, and the land was once more oright with flowers. Sybli Marsh, who had never left Hurst R 19al,—believing troi; "that possession was nine points of the law,"—began to throw off the heavy mourning she had assumed out of respect to the memory of her half-sister. The winter had not been exactly a time of peace as far as she was concerned, for although Mr. Marlowe had listened quietly to the story of her parentage, and even admitted that the certificates she showed him were genuine, he was by no means inclined to let her take possession of Hurst Royal, and all the other property left by Clarice Oravan without a protest. Lady Fairfax also fought desperately against the claims advanced by the ex-companion, but, unfortunately for her, Sybli had the law on her side, and came triumphantly out of the contest, having proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that she was in truth Sir Alyick Chandon's elder daughter.

"I believe her, so far," said Lady Fairfax, "for she is rather like Sir Alvick in features as well as in character, but I see no justice in her in-heriting all poor Clarice's fortune, not a penny of which came from Sir Alvick's side of the family.

of which came from Sir Alvick's side of the family. If it is law, it's not justice."

Her son Jack, to whom the complaint was addressed, shrugged his shoulders, but ventured no other form of reply.

"There has been jugglery somewhere or other—I am sure of it," continued his mother. "I suppose we shall never get to the bottom of it, but if it were possible to do so, we should find Sybli Marsh had been pleying the part of 'vilian of the plece' all through. I mistrusted her when I saw her here at Ciarioe's wedding, though she was specious enough in all conscience, and I mistrusther fifty times more now."

"Well, she has played her cards to win, and that's something to her credit," drawled Jack, who was in reality as Indignant as his mother though he did not express himself in the same vehement fashlon.

vehement fashion.
"Do you see that she calls hersel! Sybil Chandos now!" queried Lady Fairfax, pointing

to the signature of a letter she had just received

to the signature of a letter she had just received from the lady in question.

"If she is Sir Alvick's daughter, she has a right to the name. It is a right I don't envy her. The Chandos's are a doomed family; misfortune seems to follow them in all they undertake. One of the race must have built a house on consecrated ground, or done something of that hind to call down a curse on the name. Look at Sir Alvick's murder—look at poor Clarice's marriage and its tragic ending. I tell you what, mother, I don't envy anybody who can claim kinahip with the family."

"I hope, if that is the case, that Miss Sybli will come in for her full share of the curse!" exclaimed Lady Fairfax, vindictively. "As for Clarice's marriage, I was against it from the first. We knew nothing—or very little—about Lennox Craven, and it always struck me that he was not entirely frank and above board, and it people have anything to conceal, it is generally to their discredit."

"Poor old Lennox!" murmured Jack. "He

Poor old Lennox !" murmured Jack. "He "Poor old Lennox!" murmured Jack. "He has not been heard of for over six months, and I should not be much surprised if he were never heard of again. When men travel in the savage regions he went to, they carry their lives in their hands, as he very well know when he started."

### CHAPTER XXIV.

STRIL'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH,

It was evening, and the middle of April. The drawing-room at Hurst Royal was a blaze of light and colour; great plants of flowering azaleas were banked in the window, large bowls of hot-house roses stood on the tables, while big china vasas on the mantalpiece were filled with gaily-coloured talips and narcisei, all breathing forth a

vasas on the mantelplece were filled with gailycoloured tuilps and narciasi, all breathing forth a
delightful perfume.

Until eight o'clock the room was empty; but
just as the silvery peal of chimes rang out to tell
the hour, the door was thrown open, and Sybil
March came in—a brilliant vision that almost
dazzled the eyes by its magnificence!

She wore a robe of pale gold satin, whose
shimmering folds seemed to catch the light, and
hold it. Out low in the neck, and with short
aleves, it showed the fine lines of her throat and
bust, softened by misty folds of priceless old
lace. A superb necklet of diamonds was chapped
round her neck, a tiara of the same gems threw
out gleams of prismatic radiance from her hair,
and round her right arm was twined a serpent
of emeralds, whose coils reached from the shoulder to the elbow. There was something absolately barbaric in the effect of all these jewels;
the looked like an Eastern empress, whose object
the is to dazzle by the display of an unusual magafficence, and who has sacrificed on taste in an
effort to outshine her rivals.

Spill, however, feared no rivals. For the first
time since Clarice Craven's death she was going
to entertain Sir Colin Middlemore to dinner, and
she had not even thought it worth while inviting
anyone else to play propriety. Secure in her
wealth, and the position it gave her, she fancied

anyone else to play propriety. Secure in her wealth, and the position it gave her, she fancied she could afford to defy goesip, or anything else, indeed, that threatened to interfere with the

che could afford to dely goesip, or anything clasindeed, that threatened to interfere with the
gratification of her desires.

As she stood in front of a long consols glass
between the two windows, looking at the radiant
image reflected, a smile of triumph curved her
full red lips. At last she had reached the summit
of her ambition, after scaling heights that had
esemed at the outset well nigh insurmountable.
From the poor, friendless governess in a secondvate school, she had developed into the daughter
of a barones, with ten thousand a year rent-roll,
and the owner of one of the finest mansions in
the county. She was young, she was handsome,
she was rich—what more was there left for her
to wish for ! to wish for !

And all this was the result of her own ende And all this was the result of her own ence-vours. She had no one to thank for it except herself. Ciever and intriguing, she had laid her plans with a skill and cuming that had com-pelled success. It is true she had thought nothing of what or whem she sacrificed in her bold bid for fortune; but there was no regret in

her eyes to-night—no remorse for the evil she had wrought, no fears for the future. The door was thrown open, and the butler announced—

"Sir Colin Middlemore |"

"Sir Colin Middlemore!"

She turned swifely and went forward to meet him, her eyes dwelling with satisfaction on the distinguished figure he presented his well-cut evening clothes, and ignoring the lines round mouth and eyes, that bore sufficient witness to his dissipated life.

"By Jove, Bybil, you look a regular Queen of Sheba with all those diamonds on!" he exclaimed, as he greeted her. "But I must say they are very becoming to you, though most women would seem overburdened under their weight. But what made you deek yourself out like this to-night, when we are to dine all by ourselves?"

"I did it for you. Colin," she whispered, letting her eyes dwell on his with a long, languorous glance. "Don's you understand that I care more for your admiration than for that of all the world healdes?"

world besides?"

She nestled close to him; and he bent down and klased her.

"You are a first-rate little woman, and I'm not much of a chap for you to care for." he returned, a tinge of removes the few-a person, or we don's, and whether he's an angel or the other thing doesn's count for anything in the matter. In's that it?"

"I suppose it is—I know it is, so far as a woman is concerned. I should love you just as much if I knew you had broken all the commandments twenty tings over. I wonder if you could say the same with regard to me!"

She looked at him with a strange wistfulness, and waited eagerly enough for his answer.

du waited eagerly enough for his answer.
"Oh, well, we expect women to be better than
en—it's their nature, you know," he replied,
fth an easy smile. "I'm not over-particular with an easy smile. "I'm not over-particular myself, but I prefer my womankind to be all right, don't you know."

right, don't you know."

She turned away half-petulantly.

"That is no answer to my question?"

"Int's it? I thought it was. I didn't understand you were in such deadly sarnest. You know I'm awfully fond of you, and I always shall be. It's nonsense to waste time in speculation as to what I should do if you were different to what you are—we'll leave that to the metaphysicians and such learned gentlemen. I'm not learned myself, and don't want to be. I just take things as I find 'em, and make the best of 'em, and we're going to be very happy together, you and I, ain't we i' "I hope so," she returned, with a strange little restiest sigh, as if a jurring thought had fashed across her satisfied mood, "that is, if you are still anxious to marry ma."

are still anxious to marry ma.

are still anxious to marry ma."

He opened his eyes wider at her tone.

"Why, of coarse I am. I have always been anxious to do so, although at one time there seemed no chance of it because of my debts. It's different now you are rich. I tell you what, Sybil, you have been a decoedly lucky young woman. Why, suppose Mrs. Craven had made a will, where would you have been?"

"Nowhers; but it was my business to see that ahe did not make one," Sybil returned, with a curious gleam is her eyes that made him slightly uncomfortable: "That was the real reason why I did not tell her that I was her half-sister. If I had done so, and she had known I was her helress, she would have made a will directly, for Clarice was not really fond of me in her heart, though she sometimes tried to persuade herself she was."

"Yes; but no one could have imagined that

Yes; but no one could have imagined that

"Yes; but no one could have imagined that ahe was going to die as she did. Why, the chances were that she would outlive you."

"True, but such chances are not always to be depended on. Let us go in to dinner, the butler has just announced it."

He offered his arm and led her to the diningroom, where there was the same lavish display of flowers and light. The table, too, was laden with allver, and the fruit lay in golden dishes. Altogether it seemed as if Sybil had gone out of

her way on this special evening to show her lover now wealthy she was.

She hardly achieved the effect she intended,

for Middlemore, though his reputation was some what shady, was still a gentleman, and it struck him as singularly bad taste for the girl who had profited by Clarice Craven's wealth to make such a show of it within aix months of her halfsister's death. After dinner, however, this ima good deal of wine, and under its influence was inclined to take a very cheerful view of the

"You must marry me as soon as possible, Sybil," he said, as they sat side by side in the drawing-room, with the little sliver coffee est on a Turkish stand in front of them. "There's no reason for delay that I know of, unless you think it is too soon after Mrs. Craven's death. But I don's think you need let that interfere, we can

be married very quietly, you know."

This did not at all suit Sybli's wishes. She intended having a very gay wedding, and decided that it should take place in May.

"And then, when we return from our honey-moon, I can be presented at the last Drawing Room," she said, with the sir of one wise has thought it all out beforehand, "" Lady Middle-more, on her marriage." How well it sounds I I latend becoming a Leader of Fashion, going everyintain becoming a Leader of Fashion, going every-where, and seeing everything. Much may be achieved on ten thousand a year, especially if you are young and good-looking."

He smiled indulgently, and then they talked of his family jewels, which were now in the hands of a moneylender, but which she intended to

redeem, and have reset. To Sybli it was a de-lightful evening—a foretaste of those spiendours which she promised herself in the gay society life where she was to reign as queen. She had

ine where she was to reign as queen. She had worked hard to gain her present position, and she intended enjoying it to the full.

It was late when Sir Colin took leave, and Sybli remained in the drawing room for nearly half an hour after his departure still, dreaming of the future. When she finally went to her room, she found—not her own male waiting for her ahs found—not her own maid waiting for her, but a pale-faced girl, with downcast eyes, whose features seamed strangely familiar to her. "Where is Céilne i" she asked sharply, for she had lost no time in engaging a French maid,

straight from Paris.

straight from Paris.

"She is not well, miss, and begged you would excuse her this evening. The housekeeper thought I might take her place until she gets better," was the quiet answer, given without the speaker lifting her eyes.

"And who are you, may I ask i"

"I am the new housemaid, miss, and I only came this morning. Eat I was children's maid when I first went out to service, and I know something of a lady's maid's duties as well. I will do my best, miss, if you will permit ran."

Sy'oli seated herself in front of the tollet table, and the girl, with deft fingers, began unfastening her jewels, and laying them on the table, where they rested in a glittering heap. Suddenly Sybil exclaimed,—

Imed .-exc

"I am sure I have seen your face before— where can is have been, I wonder? What is your mame !

"My name is Hester Somes. I used to be in service at Sunningdale Court with Sir Alvick Chandos—your father, miss" Spbll started violently, and the colour left her cheeks. She said nothing, but as the new maid.

unfastened her hair, she was conscious of her mistress's eyes watching her intently through the glass. As soon as possible Sybil dismissed

the glass. As soon as possible Sybil dismissed her.

"I wonder what brings that girl here!" ahe muttered upossily as ahe found herself alone.

"Not that it matters. I have nothing to fear, and yet it would be just as well to shake off all those old associations as far as possible. I must find some excuss for giving her notice, but not too soon, lest she should suspect the reason. I need not see her after to-morrow, Célne will be able to wait on me herself."

But this was not the case, for the French girle indisposition continued, and as Hester seemed perfectly competent to the duties she had taken



AND TURNING, MISS MARSH-CHANDOS FOUND HERBELF CONFRONTED BY MR. PAICE, THE DETECTIVE.

upon herself, Sybil had no excuse for dismissing her. And yet she was uncomfortably conscious that the girl was watching her, and that every that the girl was watching her, and that every word she uttered, every movement she made, was noted. Nothing could have been quieter and more respectful than Hester's demeanour, which left no room for complaint. Sybil wished it had been otherwise! It was foolish of her, she confessed, and yet she grew actually afraid of that pale face, and those quiet eyes. They somehow got upon her nerves, and interfered with the pleasure she had promised herself in getting her troussean ready for the wedding.

Once only did Hester betray any awkwardness in her duties as lady's-maid, and that was about a week after her arrival. She was combing out her mistress's long dark tremes, when by some

her mistress's long dark tremes, when by some mischance the comb caught in a stender gold chain that Sybil always were round her neck, the one end being tucked away inside her bodice. By Hester's action this end was dragged out, and

By Hester's action this end was dragged out, and instead of the locket or jewel one might have expected to see depending from it, nothing more crammental than a steel key was displayed.

Sybil saw a quick look of intelligence flash across the girl's face at the sight of this key. A moment later it had passed, and she was apologising for her stapidity, without, however, convincing her mistress that the action had been obser than premeditated.

"You have nulled my hair." she exclaimed.

other than premeditated. "You have pulled my hair," she exclaimed, angrily, "and nearly anapped the chain into the bargain! In future I will dispense with your services, my good girl."

"But Cettes is not well enough to attend to you, miss," returned Hester, quietly going on with her combing.

"Then I'll attend to myself."

Then I'll attend to myself. You need not

Then I'll attend to myself. You need not come to me after to night."

And to this programms Sybil adhered, although it caused her some little personal inconvenience. Still, she breathed move freely now she no longer saw the girl night and morning; it was perfectly automishing how great an effect the new house-mail's presence had had upon her i

The wedding-day was swiftly approaching; every day boxes came down from the big London shops containing sliks and laces, and the hundred and one dainty nothings that go towards the making of a trousseau. Sybil was determined to spare no expense in her outfit, and positively reveiled in the new secastion of being able to order the most costly fabrics without thought of their possible expense.

For the first time in her life the state.

For the first time in her life she could permit berself a free hand, and she certainly made the most of her opportunity! If it had not been for certain haunting misgivings that Hester Somes had somehow called into birth, she would have been perfectly happy.

The afternoon before the marriage, Sir Colin Middlemore came to take her for a drive in his Middlemore came to take her for a drive in his new mall phaeton—bought on the credit of his approaching alliance with an heirest 1 On their return, they passed the big fron gates of Grey Friars, which now looked less sembre than usual by reason of the masses of illao and laburnum blossoming behind them. A woman was just issuing from these gates—a quiet, slender figure dressed in black, whom Sybii at once recognised as none other than Hester Somes herself.

"What on earth can the girl be doing there?" ahe exclaimed aloud, somewhat startled at the coincidence.

Sir Colin turned round to look,
"One of the servants, most likely," he obrved, excelessly. "You knew Grey Friars was

"I did not know it. Since when has it been occupied?"

"Five or six months, I believe. Some Italian lady bought it, and lives there. Who or what she is nobody knows, for she does not go out, neither does she entertain. I should think the owner was precious glad to get the wretched place off his hands. Personally, I thought its evil reputation would have proved an effectual barrier against its being either let or cold."

Spill made no work, but also ablessed stickly

Sybil made no reply, but she shivered slightly,

though the day was warm and bright as mid-

"I wish to-morrow was over !" she exclaimed, wuddenly.
"Why!"

"Why!"

"Because I have a sort of presentiment of evil concerning it. I dareasy I am very foolish to give way to such fancies."

"Of course you are," cheerfully responded Middlemore, who was one of the most matter-of-fact men in the world. "By the way, you look a bit worried, now I come to think of it," he added, glancing at her. "I suppose most girle get nervous over the fit of their wedding-dress when the day approaches."

They were slient during the rest of the drive. Middlemore helped his ficacés down when they arrived at Hurst Royal, and followed her into the hall, where the butler came forward to meet them, a curious expression on his usually impassive face.

"There is a—gentleman waiting to see you,

"There is a gentleman waiting to see you, please, madam," he said.
"A gentleman! Who is it?" she saked, in a genueman! Who is it!" and agent, in surprise, for she expected no visitors, all the wedding arrangements being completed. Then she added, petulantly, "a tradesman, no doubt. You had better tell him I cannot see him. His

You had better tell him I cannot see him. In business must wait."

"His business cannot wait, Miss Marah-Chandos—It is of much too great importance," said a strange voice, and ahe found herself confronted by Mr. Palce, the detective.

(To be continued.)

As African chief's umbrella is of greater importance than many people suppose. Apart from its enormous size, its loss in battle more than equals the loss of a standard of a European commander. Some of the umbrellas are of prodigious dimensions, being no less than twenty-five feet in diameter, with ribe 12 feet 6 inches long.



LORD ALVERLEY MRETS RUST ON THE STAIRS AND ASKS HER TO BE RIND ENOUGH TO ADJUST HIS SLING.

### THE LOST STAR.

-:0:-

### CHAPTER VIII.

"You see, miss, I couldn't well help it," said Mrs. Nicholson, apologetically, as she ran a watchful eye along the achoolroom mantelpiece, watching was song the accounted mannespiece, to see if it had been properly dusted... "I never breathed your name to him, but it seems as if the dear children had let their toogues run away with them, as usual, for he asked me straight cut if I thought Miss St. Hellers would think it too great a trouble to write a letter for him. Tose girl Anner has only just skimmed round the edges of things, without moving them, and I always call that dusting like a Pharises. But what answer am I to take to his lordship?" she

added, suddenly, removing her eyes from the some of the housemaid's delinquencies.

"Tell him that he had better ask one of his friends," said Ruby, with a slight smile. "It is strange that he should think of applying to

"Well, I'm glad you've said it," sinking her wice, confidentially. "The Counters is coming home to-morrow, and she might have put two and two together, and thought—one never knows what a lady mayn't think when it's about her own son.

'No; as someone says, 'women are kittle

cattle."
"Well, I never! It must be a man who said it, and I'll thank him for his impudence. I should like to know what he calls his own sex, if he speaks so disrespectful of ours!" And the housekeeper looked quite indignant. "But never you mind, miss, if anyone says a word against you, just you send him or her to me, and I'll stand up for you. I've heard from Watson's wife of your earrying a bottle of medicine to his son the other night; and it len't many ladies who would have taken the trouble to do that—such a bitter cold evening as it was, too!" bitter cold evening as it was, too!"
The colour rushed into Ruby's cheeks, but

Mrs. Nicholson never noticed it as she hurried |

away to give her message.

Lord Alverley exportulated loudly, but she told him that the young lady was none of shem shilly-shally ones, and always meant what she

said.

He was very cross, and called it "absurd, prudish nonsense," and employed the children as his messengers later on in the day. But they were sent away with the same answer; and the young fallow, who had never been crossed by a woman in his life, promised to pay her out for it when he was no longer a mismar.

young fellow, who had never been crossed by a woman in his life, promised to pay her out for it when he was no longer a prisoner.

Ruby, on the other hand, was dreading her first meeting with him in public, knowing that if she did not wish to risk all kinds of awkward questions being addressed to her, they must appear to be perfect strangers.

Mra. Nicholson told Lady Chester, when she arrived from town, that Miss St. Hellers had behaved with great discretion, and kept so carefully in the western tower, that she had never come across any of the gentlemen in the eastern or "bachelor's wing." The Countess nodded her approval, and said that was just what she would have expected from a young lady of such perfect breeding; but asked anxlously if Lord Alverley had ever caught sight of her.

"No, my lady, not but what he tried," and a broad smile came over the housekeeper's kiedly face. "I think the young ladies must have told him about her, for he was wonderfully set on her writing a letter for him; but she let him know that he might ask one of his friends, and would have nothing to do with it."

"That is well," with a sigh of relief. "When Alverley's in the house I never have a moment's peace; and this girl is so dangerously pretty. All the rooms will have to be well-aired, for I expect a large party down for Christmas." The conversation drifted into household details, and the Countess found that it was time to dress for dinner, before she had paid a visit to the school-room.

Dressed in black valves, with old lace grace-

Dressed in black velves, with old lace grace-

fully arranged on her amouth fair hair, she came out of her bedroom by the door which led into the passage in the western wing. Passing Ruby's door she entered the cohoolroom, with a pleasant smile upon her face, for it was always a pleasure to her to come and see her children.

Both the little girls were working diligently; one on Ruby's knee, the other on a stool at her feet, whilst she told them a wonderful story. It was a very pretty group, the firelight playing on May's bright curis and Bee's upturned gipsy face, which contrasted well in its vivid colouring with the pale awest purity of the countenance just above it. Then the story stopped, the children sprang to their feet, and Ruby stood up

with a slight accession of colour.

Lady Chester klassed the children affectionately, stretched out a hand in cordial greeting to their governess, asked if her little daughters had been good during her absence, and scarcely waited for the answer. The gong sounded, and she hurried away, hoping to see Miss St. Hellers in the drawing room when dinner was

Ruby had but two evening dresses. Her father, Bir Charles St. Heliers, of St. Heliers Mount, Cornwall, died from a fall out hunting, Mount, Cornwall, died from a fall out hunting, and her mother, who was in delicate health at the time, never recovered from the shock, but followed him soon to the grave. Owing to rash speculations, into which he had been led by Captain Marston's father, the baronst's affairs were found to be seriously involved. The Mount had to be sold, and only a wretched pittance was secured for his daughters. The girls found a temporary home with Mrs. Capal in Chatteston-treet, and Violet was left under her care when Ruby accepted an engagement at the Chass. Ruby accepted an engagement at the Chase. Mrs. Capel had been their nurse before she

retired on her savings; and she watched over the pretty girl left in her charge like a very dragon. Ruby was thinking of them both, as she looked doubtfully at the two solitary black dresses; and how Mrs. Capel would have sighed over the seantiness of her young lady's ward-

robe ! She decided in favour of the oldest,

robe! She decided in favour of the oldest, reflecting that the other, being her only best dress, must be reserved for a best occasion.

"Thank goodness," she said to herself, as she opened the drawing-room door, "Lord Alverley is too lill to come down," but she had not taken three steps into the room before she caught sight of him, to her great discomfiture, lying on a sofa, with a gorgeous dressing gown thrown over the rest of his evening things.

Seeming not to know he was there, she walked

Seeming not to know he was there, she walked straight to the plane, and began to undo her roll of music, feeling that Captain Marston's eyes were fixed upon her, and knowing full well that Lord Alverley's head was turned u her direction

with curiosity as well as interest.

"Mother," he said, in that soft, rich voice which bore such a likeness to his brother's," you have not introduced me to Miss St. Reliers."

Lady Clementina raised her head in surprise;

Captain Maraton pulled his moustaches, and the Countess murmured the necessary words as if rather against her will. "You must excuse me, but I cannot get up to shake hands," he said, with a smile and a mischlevous twinkle in his

half-closed eyes.
Ruby bent her graceful neck with perfect composure, but she was covered with shame at being forced to act what she considered to be a lie; and felt unable to meet Captain Marston's eye as he reas unable to meet captain marston's eye as he came forward to shake bands, remarking, with needless falsehood, "It seems strange to think that we have been under the same roof for the last ten days without meeting. I thought that Lady Chester had carried her whole family up to

"Indeed! I was afraid lest the children tuight have made too much noise sometimes over their game of ball in the passage. I am glad you did not hear it."

"Or I might have been tempted to intrude," watching her face keenly, and thinking, "Wha an actress the girl is to be sure!"

16 No; you would have known that beyond the balze door is a forbidden land to gentlemen," with an accent on the last word.

"And nothing is so tempting as a forbidden land," he answered, with a laugh. Don's you agree with me, Lady Clementius!"
"Well, I believe Adam and Eve never thought

Eden half as desirable as when they were turned out," she assented, with a charming smile.

"Here the angel was inside the doors, not out," murmured Lord Alverley, in a soft aside, out, murmured Lord Aiverley, in a soft saide, which was perfectly audible to Ruby, as she stood baif way between his sofs and the piano, with the light of the chandeller falling full upon her alight well-rounded figure and bright brown hair. "Ciem. won't was stone as a new 2" ir. "Clem, won's you give us a song?"Not yet, I want to talk."

"Nonsense; you are doing that all day long, and you told me that you had brought a whole budget of new songs down from town. Marston, too, has got a dues he is dying to sing with you."

"Have you!" turning to him with eager eyes.

" Pray let us try it at once."

"I am atraid my gruff voice will scarcely har-monise with your pure soprano," not stirring from his chair.

"We cannot tell till we try; and this evening, when a are almost alone, affords us a very good opportunity. What is the name of it?"

""Oh! tell me where she is, it is called; I believe it is a translation from the French. If you really care to see it I must fetch it," and rising reluctantly, he left the room. "So sorry to hear, Miss St. Hel

"So sorry to hear, Miss St. Hollers," said the Cumpers, looking up from her knitting, "that Watson's boy has been so ill with typhold fever. I hope the doctor paid him proper attention and that he had everything he wanted from the

"I believe so. Mrs. Watson said that Mrs. Nicholson had been very kind. Poor woman, she was in great trouble when he was delirious; she thought he would be mad for the rest of his life."

"What a goose !" exclaimed Clementina, impatiently, "as if nobody had been delirious

"It is a most unpleasant thing to watch," put in Lord Alverley, to their surprise: for he

rarely interested himself when their conversararely interested himself when their converes-tion ran upon what he 'called dry details. "I remember a fellow at Eoo, after a kiok on the head at football, four boys were holding him down, when he broke from them, and tried to pitch himself out of the window. I came in at the door just in time to see him try it, and held on to his legs like grim death, till some of the fellows came to pull him in. It was touch and go, I can tell you. I never was so frightened in my life."

Horrible!" shuddered the Countees. " Oaly think if you had not been there !

think if you had not been there!"

"But then you see I am always 'on the spot," with a side-long glance at Ruby, "sometimes when I am not wanted."

"More often than not, I darssay, if the truth were known," and Clementina least over him affectionately. "I am sure if I were up to anything rather ticklish I should like you to be out of the way, because, though you choose to keep your, sleepy eyes half-shut, as a rule, you are certain to see more than anyone eles. Is this certain to see more than anyone else.

"Not at all, thank you, and you've made it worse. Here, look at this, and give me the Eoglish of It;" he held up the book which had been lying topsy-turvy on his lap. "I think there ought to be a law against admitting German verses in an Eoglish novel."

"German!" she exclaimed, in horror, as he

"German!" she exclaimed, in horror, as he had intended her to do. "I never knew much about it, but all that I did know I have quite forgotten. Well, Captain Marston, have you found the song !"

forgotten. Well, Captain marson, found the song!"

"Yes; but I don't know if we shall be abl to manage it, the accompaniment is very

"Taen, for Heaven's sake, if you are going to murder it, do is decently in the other room. Mother, do you know German!"
"No; but Miss St. Hellers does; perhaps she

will come to your assistance."
"Will you?" with an imploring glance. "I shall be most grateful."

Raby ross, and came towards him with an imperturbable gravity.

\*\* Pray sit down. Here, Marston, give that chair a shove. Thanks.\*\* He caught it with his right hand, drew it close to the sofa, and rested his arm on the back of it to keep it in its place till she had sat down. Then he withdrew it with a satisfied smile, and pointed to the poem, for the translation of which he seemed to have such a devouring thirst. "Have you ever seen is

a devouring thirst. "Yes, often; 'The pine-tree and the paim' have become quite hackneyed in their separate solitudes. That is the point of it, the paim-tree

cannot climb the snowy height, the pine cannot

come down into the scoreling sun."

And then, knowing that his eyes were fixed upon her face, looking for an answering glance, she translated the two verses, line by line, with out looking up.
Lady Ciementina and Captain Marston were

Lady Ciementina and Captain Marston were warbling at the further end of the smaller drawing room. The Countess, tired after her journey, was nodding over her ivory needles; Lord Alverley had his opportunity, and used it. "I think you night make a touching parody on it," he said, slowly. "Out of the opposite extremities of this old barrack of a house; the

man who was languishing in the east wing; the girl who would not come to him from the west. Why were you so eruel !"

"How is your arm, Lord Alverley!" with polite interest. "I hope the pain has gone off." "It hasn't; but I know I am to expect no sympathy from you. Do you remember," very softly, "when you shought that I was going off the hooks?"

The colour stole into her cheeks as she turned the pages slowly, but she said nothing.

"I can see you better now than when I had to resort to a miserable match. Good gracious, how

you solded me!" emiling at the remembrance.
"Haven't you forgiven me yet?"
"No," lowering her voice so as to be heard
only by him. "I thought you mean then, meaner
still in the breakfast-room"—a sunset glow upon
her cheek—" and meanest of all to night."

"To night !" he echoed, in surprise.

"Because you will not let me forget it is intolerable to remember." She turned her head, but her bosom heaved, and the small, white hand that held the book trembled.

"It is intolerable to you to think that you saved my life !" very slowly, with his eyes wide

"No, not that quite; but I wish to forget

that night, and you must do the same."
"Impossible I It is the pleasantest thing I have to remember—a secret debt which binds have to remember—a secret debt which blads us both together, unknown to all outsiders," after a careful look round at his mother to see if she were still asleep. "Circumstances have driven us helter-akelter into the most romantic friendship."

Raby shook her head.

"There is no nee in descring it. We

Haby shook her head.

"There is no use in denying it. We can never be, simply as we should have been it we had not met that night. I owe you my life—and more than that," softly. "Do you think I shall ever forget! Stop, don't go. I came down to-night, when I was feeling awfully seedy, on purpose to speak to you. And this is what I was to say. If it is your wish that we should appear to be semi-strangers when we meet in noble as to say. If it is your wish that we should appear
to be semi-strangers when we meet in public, so
he it. I only want to do and to be what you
think beet. But in private, as we must meet often,
or I cannot be content, you will be my swest
little Ruby to me, and I your devoted friend,
Alverley. Hush! they are coming!"
She rose to her feet, murmuring "No," unconactously carrying off his book. He atretched
out his arm and took it from her, keeping hold
of her hand for an instant. She draw it away
hastily, but not till he had allped his own solid
gold aerpent-ring upon her third finger.
"When you want me, send it to me; and I'll

"When you want me, send it so me; and I'll come—unless I'm dead," he said, very sarmestly, and then she walked towards the table where she had laid her work, feeling utterly dered and

Lady Clementina came in, followed by the ragoon, laughing and hoping they had been dragoo edified.

"I didn't mind it much, because I shut my ears," said her brother, reaszuringly. "Are we to have it in here, or shall we appeal to Miss St.

"Oh, let Miss St. Heliars give us a song," sug-gested the Countess, who had just opened but eyes, and wanted it to be supposed that she had never clored them. "She must be tired of that piece of work she has been doing so indu-

Alverley smiled, and wondered what his mother would have thought of his employment if she had known!

### CHAPTER IX.

RUBT was just on the point of starting for a walk to the restory with her little pupils, when Lady Chester beckened her into her boudoir, and told the children to run downstairs and walt in

Lady Chester beckened her into her bondoir, and told the children to run downstairs and walt in the garden.

"I won't detain you a minute," she sid, graciously; "but I wanted he mention to you that as you arrived such a short time ago, and the children's studies were unfortunately so long interrupted before your arrival, I had come to the conclusion that we would dispense with the asual Christmas holidays this year."

Raby's face fell, all the promised joys of a month with Violet vanishing from her grasp. The Countess, mistaking the cause of her visible annoyance, added, hastily,

"Of course we should consider it only just to make an addition to your ordinary salary; and you have so won the hearts of the children that they both declared they would rather go on with their lessons than lose their dear Miss 'Salliers.' I hope this will not inconvenience you," noticing Ruby's hesitation.

The pale, proud face fisshed like a white rose in the glow of the dawn.

"I was thinking of my sister; the will be so dreadfully disappointed."

"I am sorry for that; but perhaps you could persuade her to pay you a visit down here?"

"Thank you, you are very kind." How delightful it would be to have Violet with her under the same roof once more, and to feel the schoolroom for ever associated with the remembrance of her lovely, loving eyes! But no, not whilst Captain Maraton was at the Chase! That would be to bring the innocent bird into the snare by the very hand that had kept her from it with such tender care. Looking up, she met Lady Chester's eyes fixed upon her in some surprise. No doubt she was wondering why her offer was not jumped as. offer was not jumped at.

offer was not jumped at.

"Perhaps she might come down for a day, a little later on," she said, hesitatingly. "But, of course, you will let me go to her on Christmas Day; we could not be separated then 1"

"Of course, if you make a point of it; but you will find the trains vary inconvenient, and probably filled with tipay people."

"Then perhaps you would let me stay till the following morning?" with quiet peraistency.

"If you wish it, but that would be Boxing Day, and I would not travel on such a day as that for a thousand pounds."

"Bat perhaps you would," and a sweet emile hovered round her lips, "if it were to give you a few hours longer with some one whom you would be glad to be with !" that for a thousand pounds."

"I am age I don't know," carelessaly, "but you can do it if you like; only you must not hold me responsible for the consequences."
"No, I like bost to answer for myself. Is there anything else you wish to tell me?"
"Not to-day. It is a beautiful morning, I hope you will enjoy your walk," and with a gracious smile Ruby was dismissed.
May and Beatrice shouted with delight when they heard that they were not going to lose her for a whole, long month.

for a whole, long month.

They clapped their hands and jumped round her in exoberant gles, their small scarlet-olad legs twinking on the frost-bespangled grass, their cheeks glowing with health and happiness, their eyes as bright as the frozen dewdrops on the

hollies.

Every branch and tiny twig had its elaborate lace work from the unsparing hand of nature.

There was scarcely a cloud to mar the blue of the skies, and the sun shone down on a glorified world of sparkling jewels.

It was a day to make a healthy man thank Heaven for giving him life—a day to make the cripple thick of the land which would be brighter even than this, and where there would be "neither halt nor lame," but all should enjoy the rapture of a new and perfect life.

On their way through the park they stopped at Mrs. Watson's to leave some jelly for the invalid; and Ruby's thoughts flow back to the night when she stood outside in the darkness, fearing to move on, or to stay behind.

fearing to move on, or to stay behind.

The boy was better, but fast asleep; so they postponed their visit to another day, and proceeded on their way to the rectory.

The Rev. Fabian and Mrs. Upton lived in the prettiest rectory in the Blahop of \_\_\_\_\_'s dlo-

Cese.

The house was of greystone, with pointed windows, overhung by massive wreaths of try.

The doorway was like the porch a church; indeed, the whole rectory looked as if it were an offshoot of the venerable try-grown building with the massive equare tower, which was only separated by the graveyard, with its simple wooden crosses and a low stone wall, from the rector's garden.

There was an all of holy passes about the other

There was an air of holy peace about the place, which was especially comforting to the weary and heart laden when they came to pour out their sorrows in that haven of rest.

Ruby felt its influence as she stretched out

her hand to ring the bell.

"I should like to be a clergyman's wife," she thought to herself, as she rubbed her nest little boots on the door-mat, "and my house should

boots on the door-mat, "and my house about be just like this."

Mrs. Upton, fat, fair, and fifty, arrayed in the grey woollen dress which she had always worn from time immemorial on winter week-days, looked up from the table where she was busy eutting out, disentangled her thumb from a huge

pair of scissors, and stretched out her hand in cordial greeting.

oordial greeting.

"You are very welcome, my dear; find yourself a chair if you can, and tell me why is is that I can't get a whole pair of sleeves out of this piece of calico, when I cut two without any patch out of the other! Give me a kisa," to Beatrice and Marian, "and then run tike good children, for your legs are younger than mine, and ask Bridget if she has made any of those Chelsea buns lately that you used to be so fond of !"

The children apparently knew their way, and liked it, for they disappeared with prompt obedience; and Ruby, taking up the piece of stuff, turned and twisted it in every way imaginable, till she had contrived to place the two pattern alcoves in their proper places, and so demonstrated that it was equally possible to cut out another wife. another pair.

"You are a clever giri," and Mrs. Upton modded her head approvingly. "They say that She who cuts nor wastes the stuff, will make a smooth road from a rough.

"I am sure I wish I could." "And so you will, my dear, if you will go the right way to work. With patience and hope for companions, you will get to the end of the journey without sore feet."

"But, remember, there are two of us."
"And it is always easier for two together, than one alone," she interrupted, cheerfully. "The heart narrows when its interests are centred in heart narrows when its interests are centred in itself, and the selfish, lonely egotish, who has no one to think of but himself, has fower joys than the hard-working mother of many children. There is nothing like work for making you happy, and I don't pity you like that poor thing, Lady Clementina, who has to famoy herself in love with that good-looking dragoon, because she has

ig to do !" "I will wait, at all events, till the man falls in love with me," said Ruby, with her soft laugh. e with me," said Ruby, with her soft laugh, she went on deftly with her cutting out.

as ahe went on deftly with her cutting out.

"Ay, de, my dear, and don't do it then; for, believe me, there's more harm done by marrying the wrong man than by waiting too long for the right. Do you always baste the seams of a body?" helding up a brown garment, thick as a blanket, and certainly not as ornamental.

"I certainly shan't when I make one for my-

self."

"Then I won't do it for Mary Jones. Her gown must not be made better than a lady's, which is making an excuse for my laziness, out of the old-fashioned prejudice of social distinction. Fabian says of me that I lay my hand on everything, and turn it to my own profit, all because of an old joke he has sgainst me. It was many years ago, when I was not so worldly-wise as I am now, and my heart was as soft as a piece of cotton-wool. There was a young fellow in our as I am now, and my near was as soft as a plece of cotton-wool. There was a young fellow in our village who was always getting into arrapes, till my father and Fabian were obliged to give him up as a bad job. I had a fancy—footiah young thing that I was—that I could make him listen to me, when he had turned a deaf ear to rector to me, when he had turned a deaf ear to rector and curate; so I put on my bonnet one bonny morning in June, and walked over to his father's farm. After looking for him in the cow-sheds, stables, farmyard and all about, I discovered him lying on his face in the long grass, half-hidden in the buttercups. 'Get up, Tom, for shame!' I called out, angrily, for I had a wonderful spirit of my own. 'Don't you know you're spoiling your father's grass?'."

"Shame to them as druv me to it,' he answered, like a great rough bear, 'It's never a swered, like a great rough bear. 'It's never kind word I get from any one of 'em, and is more nor human nature can stand. I wish could dis—ay, that I do, and get out of this beastly hole, where I am preached at from morn-ing to night, and never a helping hand to get a fellow out of a mess, only a kick to send him further in.'

"Now this sort of thing instead of angering me went straight to my heart, and I stood there for half an hour or more arguing with him, till I thought I had made him as soft as mitk. He a great tear running down his brown cheek, that he would go over to Cressingham, and make a start for himself; but he hadn't got a farthing in his pecket.

"How much money would you want, Tom 1" outling my band into my pocket, for my father

had just paid me my quarter's allowance.
"I'd do with five pounds to begin with," he said, as coolly as you please. "That would keep me from starving till I could get some work

"Well, to cut a long story short, I gave it him, and went home as proud as a peacock, crowing over my father and Fabian because my poor weak voice had had more influence than theirs. They both said 'Wait and see;' but I never did care both aid 'Wait and see;' but I never did care about waiting, and I thought I had seen. Two days passed, and then Fabian put his face in at the door, Miss Janet, the converted prodigal was picked up last night in a ditch near Crossley Bottom, insensible, with twopence-halfpenny in his pocket. That is all that remains of your five pounds !

ounds!'''

"I could have burst out crying, I was so terribly disappointed; but I was determined not to let him see th, so I called out just as he shut the door, 'Never mind, I'm very glad he had the money, for it must have very much improved his opinion of human natura.' My dear," as Ruby opinion of human natura." My dear," as Ruby burst out laughing, "I never heard the last of it. And all the three months I had to screw, with worn-out gloves and patched-up boots. My father would say, with a wink at my shabblness, 'Never mind, Janie, you have sacrificed yourself for the

sake of human nature."

"And what became of the wretched Tom?"
inquired Ruby with interest, as she proceeded

with her work.

"Fabian took him in hand after that, and made a better job of it than I did. But I've talked too much about myself, when I wanted But I've to know what brought that cloud upon your face this morning when there's none to be seen in the heavens. Have you been grieved about anything, my dear l" looking auxiously at her across the table, with her spectacles pushed high on her forehead.

Grateful for her sympathy, Ruby told of her great disappointment in a gentle, uncomplaining way that went straight to Mrs. Upton's kindly way that wett straight to hirs, optous a mony heart. After asking a great many questions about Violet, she proposed that she should some and spend a quiet week at the Rectory, if she could put up with a prosy old couple, for the sake of eing near her sister.

Raby sprang from her seat and seized Mrs. Upton's hand in both her own.

"How wonderfully good you are to me!" she cried, her soft eyes full of tears. "Thank you, again and again.

Mrs. Upton kissed her affectionately, and said it was no kindness; but she should look forward to having a young bright thing in the house as a rare treat.

Then the children ran in with a Chelsea bun which they had begged of Bridget for Ruby; and soon they started homewards across the park, late for dinner as usual, laughing so much as they hurried along that Bee tumbled over an ant-hill, and May had to stand still and gasp.

### CHAPTER X.

THE strictness of the usual school-room rules THE strictness of the usual school-room rules was relaxed to suit the busy, festive scaron of Christmas. Lessons were done in the morabe; but after the early dinner, Ruby, freed from her imprisonment in one room, might have been met in any part of the house, except the bachelor's wing, running here and there wherever she was record with the control of the control wanted, with a wreath of holly for the church decorations, in which Lady Clementina had offered to easist, or a packet of clothing which she had finished off for Lady Chester's gifts to the poor. She was so sensible in her sugges-tions, so kind in her readiness to help, that the Countess was delighted with her, and at every hour of the day might be heard appealing to her for advice.

Her heart was as light as her step, as she ran downstairs on Christmas Eve with a ball of string in her hand, a large sheet of brown paper

in the other. The next day she was to spend in the other. The next day she was to spend with Violet, and the thought of seeing her beloved face again, and hearing her sweet voice, brought a light to her eyes, a colour to her cheeks, which made her look infinitely charming. So Lord Aiverley seemed to think, as he met her half-way between the hall and the gallery, and, atopping abort, asked her to be so very kind as to tighten his sling.

He was two steps lower down than she was, therefore their faces were nearly on a level, and he looked into hers with undisquised admiration in his serve.

'If you will tuen round," she said, gravely. "Impossible ! does a sunflower ever turn its

No, nor a moth to a gas-lamp, but it would viser if it did."

"I may be a moth, and you the star; but a gas-lamp—how dreadfully prosale!" "Prose is sometimes healthier than Shelley's

poetry."

"And it's healthy to get up with the lark, and to go to bed with the sun, and to do heaps of disagreeable things that would suit neither you nor me. What would be the use of being strong as a giant if life weren't worth the trouble

of living?"
"It would be a comfort to think, when your strength went from you, that you had not wasted it by your own folly?" Her serious eyes looked into bis for one moment with an expression of pity mingled with reproof; but before he could answer, she had sped down the stairs, and he was left to adjust his allog and digest her words by

He pursued his way to his own room, aloging irginis Gabriel's lovely song, 16 Raby, my Virginia Gabriel's lovely song, darling," in his melodious volce.

darling," In his melodious voice,
"Is that in your honour?" as Captain Marston came out of the library, and met Raby in

Her lip enried scornfully.

"Certainly, as I sang 'Robert, tof que j'alme, last night, simply because your name was Robert. Did you not guess it?" No, if I had!" with an expressive look,

"No, if I had?" with an expressive look, which was entirely lost, on her back-hair, as she disappeared into the room which he had just quin

After helping Lady Chester with some tedious lists, she made her way to the church to help in the decorations. As she hunied by the shortest way across the grass, she was being watched by Lord Alverley from his windows in the east wing Lord Alverley from his windows in the east wing She had a lovely face, as he know very well by this time; but beyond her personal beauty there was a nameless faccination in her fearless, yet re-thring bearing which made him long to be with her, even if he know that the wish was far from being reciprocated. He anathematised Black George for having prevented him from escorting her across the park; but his legs, enfeebled by his accident, could not have kept pace with her active little feet as she sped across the grass, and he threw himself down on the sofa with an impatient sigh, when the over-hanging branches of the wood where they had first met hid her from

Toe secret friendship between them captivated his fancy; and as he smoked the afternoon away in high range; and as he smoked the afternoon away in high reflection, he planned some delightful meetings, in which he would make rapid progress towards the final subjugation of a heart which he had determined to make his own property.

What he was to do with it when it was his, it

when he was to do with it when it was not in sensor occurred to him to imagine. Utterly reckless as usual as to consequences, he dwelt with pleasure on the thought of the final triumph, when her bright head should droop on his breast, and her sweet lips meet his in a voluntary cares; but troubled himself little as to the fate of the

Ruby, meanwhile, unconscious of the mischief Many, meanwhile, unconscious or the mischer which an idle brain was plotting against her, arrived at the church, and, changing her expression of bright expectation to one of perfect reverence, walked quietly up the siele to the pulpit, which Lady Clementina and Captain Maraton were adorning with wreaths of holly.

"Oh, here you are at last!" exclaimed the former, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "Every-

thing has gone wrong because you were not here. The pulpit wreaths were earried off for the lec-tern; and the camellies for the cross are dying before they are put in."

"I wanted to be here long ago, but I could not away. What shall I do first?"

got away. What shall I do first?"
"Make the cross; we can't stay here much longer. The flowers are in the vestry."
"Shall I go and fetch them for you?" asked Captain Marston, whose speech was rather impeded by a couple of nalls he was holding between

peded by a couple of mans as his teeth.

"No," interposed Ciementina, quickly, "she will manage it better down there, wish no one to interfere. Had my brother arrived, Miss St. Heliers, before you left?"

"No; Lord and Lady Chester were quite

"Lively! I think we had the best of it at the R-ctory," turning to the dragoon. "Alvarley's bad arm will have saved him from what he most detests, and that is, a parental lecture. I think, if you asked him, he would prefer a handful of

shot to a yard of papa's tongue."
"I have often trembled before a tongue myself; but then it has generally belonged to a
woman," and he looked down at her with a woman,"

"No doubt you quite deserved it when it scolded. I will sek Miss St. Hellers—you said you were old friends."

"And new ensures. To tell you the truth, she

is absurdly prejudiced against me."

"But why? Perhaps she thought you were in love with her once—and you didn't seem to

" he said, hurriedly, "and that is

"Perhaps," he said, hurriedly, and the sort of thing a woman never forgives, "Poor thing !" with a small laugh; " be gail and wormwood to see you here. She has the type of face which I always Imagine encour-ages conceit—not exactly handsome, but very

"Some people admire her," thinking of Violet. It seemed desecration to him to speak slightingly

It seemed desecration of her exact likeness.
"Do you!" looking up at him, curiously.
"Do you!" looking up at him, curiously.
"When she is in a "Yes," he said, frankly. "When a rage she looke such a glorious virage !"

In the restry there was a perfect sileuce, and nothing to disturb the current of Raby's medinothing to discure the current of many a natural tations, as, with deft fingers she placed one snowy blossom after the other, with delicate sprays of maidenhair in between. For a long while she worked all by herself; and then she heard a step on the gravel, followed by a rap at the doc She put down her cross and went to open expecting to see the rector; but instead of his benevolent countenance and bent figure, she found herself confronted by the stalwart form and good-looking visage of Harold Jerningham.

A bright smile came over his face as he met her eye. "So glad to see you, Miss St. Hellers," as he raised his hat, and stretched out his hand in cordial greeting. " It seems ages since we

met 1 A crimson blush rose to her cheeks, and she was conscious that her heart 'was beating un-usually fast, as she sat down once more to her

Asking all sorts of questions about the welfare of his family, he sat down on the edge of the table, and found a good excuse for staying where he was by handing her the pieces of fern as she happened to need them.

"And are you happy here?" suddenly bend-ing down to look into her grave face.
"Very happy to-day," she answered with a smile, "for to-morrow I am going to be with my amile,

Rather paradoxical, len't it? to say that your happiness here consists in going away? I wish it were just the reverse; and that you would be glad to-morrow to think you were coming back to us."

"That would be unnatural. Would you have

ms like you better than my own sister;"
"I should like you to think of us as friends,
whom you would be glad to be with," he said earnestly, as the rector came in and interrupted

### CHAPTER XL

THE decorations were finished, and Raby steed still in the silent nave, to give a last look at the effect of her labours. She contemplated the scene awhile, and then turned away with a restrained in her breast, as Lady Clementias, voice called to her out of the darkness of the porch, "Be quick, Miss St. Hellers, or my mother will think we are lost."

The restor and his wife accompanied these

mother will think we are lost."

The rector and his wife accompanied them to the gate; and then parted from them, promising to come up in the evening if possible.

Captain Marston was in a peculiar state of feeling. According to his own account, he was passionately in love with Violet St. Heliers, and ready to risk anything to win her for his own; whilst, to judge by his general conduct, he was devoted to Clementina Jerningham, and hovering on the verge of a proposal. At the mane time he was on terms of the greatest hostility with Ruby; and yet he could not hear to walk on in front, and leave her entirely to his good-looking friend.

Pauled at himself, and discontented with Pauled at himself, and discontented with everybody else, he tried to keep up a conversation with Lady Clementiaa, and listen to that which was going on behind him. The consequence was that his attention kept straying, and his answers excited more surprise than they were intended to.

intended to.

"Don't you think so, Captain Marston?"

"Certainly!" he answered readily enough, not having the alightest idea to what his companion referred.

"And yet only yesterday you said quite the verse. Where are your wite this afternoon?" "Gine wool-gathering, like the farmers when

sheep-shearing comes into season."
"But you have no sheep, so there is no excuse

"On the contrary, there is every excuse for me. People always think most of what they

en I shall think of an agreeable com-

"Meaning me?" with a gratified smile. "You are too kind." aning what I haven't got," she exclaimed,

"Meaning what I haven't got," she exclaimed, impatiently.

"Now that is a shame! after I've tolied and slaved, and broken my back, risked breaking my neck, scratched my hands, spoilt my coat, and altogether worn myself out—and all in your service. Move up, Jerningham; you must take my place in front, your sister has insulted me."

"Yes, do come, Harold; there are heaps of things I want to ask you, and I shan't have a moment this evening."

"I'm and going away for air weeks," he said.

"I'm not going away for six weeks," he said, with a smile, as he stepped forward looking back at Raby, with a deprecatory arrangement

of his eyebrowa.

"What is this you were saying about going up to town to-morrow!" and Captain Marston lowered his voice judiciously.

"I was not aware that you were listening"—in the coldest of tones; "but I am going up to-morrow.

"Confidential whispers are generally more audible than ordinary conversation !" "There was no whispering."

"Perhaps your voice is so soft that—"
"Perhaps you were illiening to two conversions at once."

And the one behind interested me far more

than the one in front. Isn't it rather unlind to desert us on Christmas Day?"

"It would be unkind to stay where I was; and no one will miss me from the crowd at the

"Not even the invalid who dragged himself down from his sick-room the other night on purpose to see you? By-the-bys, I never con-gratulated you on your powers of acting. Your atr of unconsciousness was simply sublime."
"Unconsciousness of what?"

"I need scarcely explain. You know as well

as I do."
"Better, perhaps, because you are talking in
the dark; but please remember that is was for
your own sake, not mine, that you sold a false-

hood to conceal your intrusion into the school-room only the day before. I should have no objection to mentioning that to Lady Chester." A pause, during which they reach the part gates. Harold and his sister passed on quickly, in samest conversation. Captain Marson

in earnest conversation. Captain stopped, as if he would like to linger.

"You are going to see your sister to morrow?"
Ruby stepped forward briskly as if she had not heard the question. "There is no use in denying it," he said, as he caught her up, "for I heard you say so."

"Then why did you sak!"

"As an introduction to my terms of truce. Let me go up to town with you to-morrow, and I will shut my eyes to anything that may go on between you and Alverley."

"Thank you!" as she threw back her head in indignant scorn. "Keep them open as wide as you can—proclaim all you see and hear from the housetope—it is nothing to me! I shall never do anything I am ashamed of; and Lord Alverley is no more to me than a picture of what the present aristocracy are coming to—too sad to be amadom."

sant aristocracy are coming to—soo said to be amusing."

"Rather hard upon him—he is no worse, after all, than thousands of others."

"That is no excuse. Think of the oppor-tunities he has had and thrown away!"

"I thought he generally knew how to make use of them!" with a smile. "Don't you find

Scorching blushes rose to her cheeks, as his words recalled the moment when she bent over Lord Alverley's white face, and thought he was

dying.

A large party were gathered round a glowing fire in the library, but Ruby was on the point of escaping to the schoolroom when Lady Clementina called out—"Please don't go away, Miss St. Hellers. Mamma says she could not find the lists, so has not been able to give away any of the shings."

Private a fewered with neitst all comments.

Ruby came forward, with quiet self-possession.

"If Lady Chester will look in her own work-basket I thinkshe will find the lists are there."

"And so they are! How very extraordinary! Be so good as to open the window—stand out of the draught, dear Lady Dalrympie—and tell the children to come round into the hall."

The order was given by Captain Mareto The order was given by Captain Marston with military brevity; and was immediately followed by a trampling of feet. Then Harold threw open the large front doors, and in they trooped with rosy cheeks and eager eyes—a rush of cold air accompanying them as they ranged themselves in a semi-orde, broken every now and then in deference to the marble pillars. "Let me carry something," cried Lady May, tugging at the handle of a heavy basket, which attenty refused to be moved.

rly refused to be moved.

you shall, dear, presently," and Ruby are away. "Look at Beatrice—she knows

where y refused to be moved.

"So you shall, dear, presently," and Ruby drew her away. "Look at Beatrice—she knows the granges will be wanted afterwards!"

Marian darted off like a squirrel in search of a nut, whilst Ruby, too proud to sak assistance, attempted to drag the basket of clothing over the Turkey carpet with her own small hands.

It was Captain Marston, and not Harold, who came to her help—the latter, after kissing his mother affectionately, seemed to be engrossed with the new arrivals; and though Ruby sotually eaght his eye when she was lifting a ponderous bundle of cloaks, he let a man to whom she had not been introduced offer to assist her, instead of doing so himself.

The Countess stood in the foreground, an affable smile upon her arisbocraftic countenance, as she made a little speech to the assembled boys and girls, with an unsuspected nervousness which she would have been sahamed to confees.

Ruby was kneeling beside the basket, her bright hair shining like a bit of sudden sunshine, as she wated to hand out the nice warm cloaks and dark woollen skirts ready for distribution; whilst the two children stood with their pinafores filled with oranges, their little fingers and minds entirely occupied with keeping them under coatrol.

Unhappliy Beatrice let a corner slip—down

Unhappily Beatrice let a corner slip—down rolled one, which she stretched after despecately, thereby endangering the rest—it was followed

by a second, then a third, till all of them came in uick succession—a number of golden balls umbling over the marble floor.

"Oh, my!" exclaimed May, in a horrified whisper, whilst Bee doubled herself in a fit of uncontrolable laughter, and the front row "Oh,

broke out into a titter.

Just then the study door opened, and out came the Earl—blandness judiclously mingled

The school children fell back on either side, and Lord Chester walked between their ranks, modding with lofty cordiality alternately to the

boys and girls.

A merry Christmas to you all—glad to meet you once again under this (was going to eay hospitable roof—reflected that it was his own, so stopped himself) under this roof of ours. I learn with satisfaction that your worthy teachers are able to give a very tolerable report of your conduct during the past year; and I hope—Heaven bless my soul! what's that!" as be put his unon a half-equashed orange, and nearly wary foot on a half-equashed orange, and nearly measured his length on the floor, "er-er-as I was saying "-by this time meat of the children were bursting with laughter, and many of them had stuffed their handkerchiefs into their mouths, which looked like white talk hanging from crimson discs. Bee was sitting down on a rug with her head on her lap, swaying to and fro, and May had hidden here on Ruby's shoulder—"I hope that in the years to come, as you grow up into men and women, your conduct may be marked with the same gravity and decoram which have distinguished them up to the present time."

It was an unfortunate conclusion, for the children, who were nearly suffering from a fit of

It was an unfortunate conclusion, for the children, who were nearly suffering from a fit of spoplexy, exploded into a roar of laughter, which grew into strength because of their mighty efforts

The Earl frowned, and put up his eye-glasses as it to find out the cause of this diagraceful exhibition, whilst the Countess looked appealingly at her son, who was biting his moustaches in

effeut amusement.
He shrugged his shoulders.
Clementina turned her back, and in despair
Lady Chester tapped Ruby energetically on the

shoulder.

"Make them sing something, anything, only stop this, for Heaven's sake, or the Earl won't lest them have a single thing."

Ruby rose, shaking off little May, who still clung to her, and pushing back her hair, she said, in a loud, clear voice.—

"Lady Chester wishes you to sing over again the hymn you were singing on the terrace, "Once in David's Royal City."

She gave the first line. As it rang softly and melodiously through the vast hall, the effect was melodiously through the wast hall, the effect was instantaneous, the children recovered themselves at once, and joined in with all their hearts. Led in perfect time and time by a voice which never faltered, they reached the end without a mishap, and Ruby knelt down again with a beating heart, as the Countous whispered, in fervent grati-

You have saved the situation."

tuda -

"Brave !" said a voice she was very glad to hear, "you are the only one amongst us who had any plack at all. Can't I be of any warries!"

"Thank you," she answered, very quietly,
"the difficulty was in bringing it here—the rest
I think I can manage by myself."
"Marston has got a beap of things under his
arm. Why shouldn't I be as useful as he?"
"As you like—it is nothing to me!" and she
held up a number of closks to Lady Chester with of inquiry.

"Give them yourself; you know all about it,"
was the hasty answer.

She walked towards the first class, Harold llowing, partly out of perversity. When she following, partly out of perversity. When she turned round to fetch a fresh supply, she found him standing behind her with the number she

"Am I not useful?" he asked, with a smile.
"Yes; but I don't wish to trouble you. Lady lementina wants the jeckets for the boys."
"Then she may ask Marston to get them."
When it was all over, and even the last orange

given away, the children stood still on the graval sweep outside, and gave three cheers for Lord and Lady Chester.

hip, hurrah!" resounded through the " Hip, frosty air, with all the strength that healthy lungs and hearty wishes could give it. Then the heavy doors shut out the wintry sky, and every-one gathered aliveringly round the fire before hurrying away to dress for the evening.

(To be continued.)

### HER FATHER'S SECRETARY.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

RUPERT DANK turned and faced his young wife

with a darkening brow.
"I refuse to believe in Gladye' guilt!" he said, huskily.

A sneer curled Gwen's white lips

"Perhaps you can explain how she came to be in the tower that night," she said sharply. "Not one of the servants knows how she gained an entrance there."

"I cannot teil-I can form no idea," he said.

eadly.
"What brought her to The Mount?" Gwen went on, excitedly.
Rupert bowed his troubled face on his hands,

and uttered a deep sigh that was almost a groan.
"She crept into the house like a thief in the night, intent upon revenge upon you and me! pursued Gwen, shrilly. "She came there to carry out the most diabolical scheme that ever entered a woman's brain-to burn the roof down over our heads, and-she succeeded !"

I have faith that she will be able to explain satisfactorily what brought her to The Mount," he answered, slowly. "She knows as little about

he answered, slowly. "She knows as little about the origin of the fire as you or I."
"It is not often a man champions the cause of an avowed foe," cried G wen, in exasperation.
"I am pained to hear you express yourself in that manner," returned Rupert, sternly. "Gladys has too noble and tender a heart to be a fee to a cruel enemy, even if she had one."

"It is a great pily that you freed yourself from her if you held her in such an exalted opinion," oried Gwen, trembling with suppressed

"I own that I regretted the action almost im-mediately," retorted Rupert, bitterly, "It was the one terrible mistake of my life."

But as soon as the words were spoken, and he noted the pain they inflicted upon Gwen, he regretted having uttered them.

"Forgive me," he said, hoarsely. "You forced me to tell you the truth !

Gwen drow her elender form up to its full beight and looked at him.

That girl came between you and me, and she has made life bitter enough for me," also cried, "and when I see her lying here, I say to myself, "It is but a just vengeance visited upon her." If ahe dies, I would not shed one tear of pity for her; if she lives, and is sent to prison, I would not lift my hand to save her were it in my

power i"
"Heaven forbid that you could be so hearliess, "Heaven forbid that you could be so heartless, Gwen," cried Rupert, drawing back and looking at her aghast. "Why, I would give every penny I possess in the world to clear her fair name of that atrocious crime of which she, an innocent girl, stands charged. I shall secure the best of counsel for her that money can procure, and sift

"Stop!" cut in Gwen, sharply. "Your fore-warning me has forearmed me. Not one penny of your wealth shall go to help the girl who deliberately attempted to burn the roof over our heads! You may as well understand first as last that I have something to say about that matter !

I decline to discuss the salar further, and let this settle the argument. I shall invest my money as I see fit," returned Rupers, haughtly; adding: "I shall see that little Gladys has justice shown her if it takes my last penny!"

W

bi

He never forgot the horrible laugh that broke

He never forgot the horrible laugh that broke from Gwen's lips.

"Then you would have very little to expend ere you reached your last penny," she returned. "I may as well tell you a strange secret here and now, which will put quite a different face upon your plans of generosity. You would find it out soon, anyhow, and it is this; you are not the millionaire you take yourself to be, Rupert Deport."

He looked at her as though he thought she had suddenly lost her reason, but you hasfed no

reply.

"Have you no recollection what transpired at your bedside the hour after you were brought

me from the fire !"
"No," he said, we "The oplates he said, wonderingly. given to me made me unconscio

"Then I will proceed to enlighten you, and as briefly as possible," said Gwen, continuing: "You took opiates, as you say, but instead of "You took opiates, as you say, but instead of making you unconscious, you were delitious, declaring over and over again that your last hour had come, that you knew you were dying. You knew my father to be a lawyer, and begged him to draw up papers than and there, deeding everything you possessed—to me! This was accordingly done, and you eagerly signed the documents. Thus the affair now stands—you have not a penny in the world—I, your wife, own all. It I choose to turn you from the house, you would go into the street—a beggar! You can rave, go into the street—a beggar I You can rave, call it a conspiracy, do what you will, the fact

remains the same."

Rupert had turned suddenly and faced her with an expression on his face that fairly electrified her, it was so terrible.

"If it is indeed true that you have inveigled me into so dastardly a scheme, taking advantage of my condition, I say this: that in this hour I leave the house, leave you, leave everything, and go out into the street what you have made meabeggar! From this hour I shall never look upon your face again. I have known before all the privations of poverty, and they taught me how to battle manfully with the world; that knowledge will serve me well now. I can work for my daily bread—I have no fear of toll, thank

Tou-you would not-you could not leave Think what the world would say i" gasped

You would have my wealth to compensate," he replied, with a bitter laugh.

"Listen, Rupero," sobbed Gwen, creeping up to him, and laying her trembling hand on his arm; "promise me you will abandon your in-tention of lending aid to Gladys—my foe—and I will sign everything back to you—every penny Rupert. Let her go to prison for burning down The Mount. What is that to us?"

"It is just this to me," orled Rupert Dane, sarsely, "if my life was the price saked to save boarsely, " Gladys, and prove her innocence, I would give it, being thankful that it was in my power to do so. Can you think, then, that I would make any such arrangement as the No-a thousand times no !" e one you atipulate.

"Then it is because you love Gladys yet—in spite of all," screamed Gwen. "Is it not so? Answer me—I have a right to know—you owe it to me!"

to me !

ou shall know the truth, Gwen, since you ask ft." he said. "Although wedded to you, every throb of my heart goes out to Gladys! I have fought the greatest battles with myself that man ever fought, to evercome, to-to root it from my soul, but to no purpose. I have been true and faithful to you, and I shall ever be true, but now that you know the exact state of my hears, you will not regret my going. I

The sentence was never finished, the new nurse whom the dector had sent coming into

"Come into my boudoir; we will talk the atter over there," said Gwen, excitedly. "You matter over there, must—you shall."

er than make a scene, Rupert permitted Gwen to take him from the room; but she noticed, when he reached the doorway, how he

looked back at the white face lying against the

His lips moved, but from them came no sound. The glance Gwen cast back at Gladys was one

will not live until to-morrow,

thought that flashed through her brain. But as for Gladys herself, who shall picture how the some which we have just described affected She was not unconscious, as both Gwen

and Rupert had supposed.

The half-closed eyes, so nearly veiled by the long, awaeping lashes, beheld them distinctly even in the dim light, and she heard clearly overy word that had been uttered.

No words can portray the agony that the girl had endured when the officers had entered the room and she learned their cruel mission. had endured whe

room and she learned their cruel mission.

She tried with superhuman efforts to shake off the lethargy that had stolen over her, benumbing every faculty.

The blood in her veins seemed turned to les and to rest heavy as lead around her heart.

Was it a trance thet had enfolded her in its

icy clasp !

She tried to cry out, to move; but not one pulse-beat answered her frantic efforts. She could not even lift her heavy eyelids if her life

Was she dying? she wondered.

Oh, Heaven? oh, guardian angels who watched over her, how she prayed to them! How she besought Heaven, as she lay so allently there, for the power to move hand or foot or utter one word!

Was ahe dying, and she so young and life so

The charge which the officers brought against her, of burning The Mount, filled her very soul with the keenest terror. Surely they would not drag her off to prison for it! Gwen, the gullty would interfere and save her.

But when she heard the conversation a little

But when she heard the conversation a little later between Gwen and Rupert, and heard Gwen so openly and daringly accuse her, all hope died in her despeiring bosom. Ah! would an angry, outraged Heaven ever find pardon for Gwen I.

The only balm that fell upon her heart was the wonderful knowledge that Rupert did not abhor her, as Gwen had always led her to believe, and the knowledge that he regretted having parted from her brought with it more pain than pleanure, for Rupert was another's now, and its pleasure, for Rupert was another's now, and it was a sin in the sight of Heaven to allow one tender thought to rest an instant in her heart for

tender thought to rest an instant in her heart for one whom another woman claimed.

Gwen's treachery to Rupert filled her with the keenest dismay. Ah! how different she would have been! She world never have taken such a dastardly advantage of him to get blun into her power. She would rather have given him a dozen fortunes, if she had had them, than take one from him. If she died, he would never know that; but what did it matter now!

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

CHAPTER XXXXX.

The people of the village were greatly startled when the news was spread broadcast that it was Gladys who had been taken from The Mount when it was wrapped in a winding sheet of fame; but the constarnation ran still higher when the story leaked out that Gladys had been Rupert's bride, and that they had parted on their wedding-day; that she had come to The Mount on that fatal night an unbidden guest whom no one saw suter; and the people shook their heads when poor Gladys' arrest followed, charged with aron, so quickly on the heels of it.

Those who remembered her from her babyhood up as a shy, timid, flaxed-haired child, and

hood up as a shy, timid, flaxed-haired child, and still later, a sweet and modest young girl, were emphatic in their belief that she had never set

fire to The Mount.

But the idle scandal-mongers who are always ready to believe any ill they may hear of a lovely, defenceless woman, told each other that the proving of her gults was only a question of time, as it was a plain case that jealousy most intense had taken possession of her and prompted her to

the terrible deed, and that they felt no pity in their hearts for her.

their hearts for her.

The news was astounding to cid John Barten, the miller. He heard it first at the village tavern, where all of his friends had congregated—as they do in little hamlets—to discuss all the affairs of the village folk, and especially any great calamity that happened in their midst.

With a face white as marble, the old miller hurried home to his wife.

hurried home so his wife.

She had commenced to berate him soundly for keeping the supper watching, but she stopped short when she saw his white face.

"Great Heaven, John!" she cried aghast, "what can be the matter! You look as white as a ghost! Has anything gone amiss at the mill! Has the dam broken, or—"

He cut short her queries with a deep groan as he sank into the nearest seet.

"It's about—Gladys," he said, huskily, and the great lump that rose in his throat chokel all further utterance.

er utterance.

"Well, what about the girl?" exclaimed his wife, stopping short with her dishing up of the soup, and looking at him with angry syea.
"What of her, I say?"

"I wish to Heaven she had never left us, wife!" he sobbed, and tears that were no shame to his manhood coursed down his rugged

"Will you tell me what you are talking about, hn !" cried his wife, charply. "What do you John i' cried his wife, charply. "What do you mean by this extraordinary acting? If it's to coak me to take back that blees o' yours, I tell you pretty plainly that your new plan has falled. I shall never let her cross this threshold—never,

I say !"
"Stop!" cried the miller, hoarsely—"stop
and liston to me. Heaven has taken vengeance
upon us for what we have already done to
Gladys. You turned the poor glo out into the
cold world. Now sak Heaven to pardon you for

what has come of it !"

It was the first time in a lifetime that John Barton had eyer dared to speak out his mind fully, freely, and consoriously to his frate wife. No wonder she stopped short, looking askance

No wonder no suppose start, about a thin with wide-open eyes.

"Will you tell me what you are driving at, John?" she cried out again, in exasperation.

"You would try the patience of a saint! What about Gladys? Has she written to you, begging

to be taken back, the vixen?"

He raised his haggard face, and the mouratel expression in his eyes haunted her for many a

ng day afterward.

No, it len't a letter from little Gladys 't come back to us now," he sobbed, burying bis face in his hands.

"Will you stop making a downright idios of yourself and tell me what you are snivelling about!" cried the irate woman. "Is—is the

about!" cried the lines will be degrees and drew the whole story from him, and when he had finished she was mute with dismay.

"If you hadn't turned her cut-o' doers on that cold winter night all that wouldn't 'a' happened," he groaned.

"I'm not sorry I did it," declared the millet's wife, angrily. "She drove me to it, didn't

"You might 'a' been more patient and bore a little with the girl," he sobbed, "Gladys wasn't

a bad girl." "She was like her mother—a mad will 'o-the-wlsp," declared the miller's wife, speking to defend her action in some manner.

defend her action in some manner.

"Don't ray that, Maria," he cried. "Clady was no will-o'-the-wisp. "I feel that I am responsible for all that has happened, Maria," he groaned, rising hastily from his chair and pacing excitedly up and down the meagre little room. "It seems only yesterday since the night her poor young mother died. You remember her, Maria. You wasn't very kind to poor little Gladys' young mother, for you wouldn't let her come in. You kept her on the doorstep with her poor little baby in her arms. I told you then, Maria, she didn't look well."

"What is the use of bringing all that up

now i" muttered the miller's wife, "We will let that pass."
"I want to remind you of what happened that

night," he said, sternly.

"She called to me pitcoualy, and instead of bringing her in, I went out to her. Would to Heaven it had to be done over again! My con-cleane smites me even now when I think of how I went out to her and sat beside her on the cold

doorstep. 414 Doar old brother John,' she sobbed, lifting her poor wan face to my rugged one, 'I will not come in if your wife doesn't want me; I do not want to make trouble between you and hor—sh, me; Heaven forbid! But I have come a long way to see you, John. I—I came because the ductors told me I couldn't live, and I couldn't

destors told me I souldn't live, and I couldn't die without seeing you.

"'I.—I have brought you a precious charge, brother John,' she went on; "you must not refuse to accept it, for she will have no other relative than you when I am gone,' and she drew from her shawl a they little babe, and laid the tender wee thing in my great strong arms.

tender wee thing in my great strong arms.

"'Promise me you will look after her when I am gone, brother John,' she whispered, 'and it will make death easier for me to contemplate,'

"'I'll do it, I answered. I couldn't hear to see the great tear-drops standing in those pretty, whatth blue eyes o' hers. 'You know I'd look after the child if anything were to happen to you, Alicia, I said.
"'You will have to plead with Mark to be

Alicia, I said.

"'You will have to plead with Maria to be good to my poor little innocent babe,' she sobbed; 'and as you deal with her so may Heaven deal with you. Tell Maria that is my dying message to her. Ah, my poor little child! how hard it will be for you to walk through life without a mosher's guidance and watchful care, the path is so hard and so weary for a young girl!"

"There's no need to bring up all that now after all these years," muttered the miller's wife, bushly, wiping a suspicious moisture from the corners of her eyes with her gingham apron. "I want to remind you how poorly we kept our trust, Maria," he said, slowly. "You were not kind to Alicha's little child, and, Heaven help me, I blame myself that I lowed you to wreak your abominable temper on the girl's defenceless head!"

For once in her life the miller's wife was taken

For case in her life the miller's wife was taken too thoroughly by surprise to find her tongue, and for the first time comething like fear and respect stirred her heart for the man who dared break through the submission of long years and speak his own mind at last.

"I sak pardon from Heavan that I allowed you to do as you did to Alicia's helpless little child," he continued, his wrath rising higher and higher with every word. "Your turning her out into the storm on that bitter cold winter night was the last act in the list of your graphics to her the last act in the list of your cruelties to her, and I say it is on your head—the trouble she is now in."

"Oh, if it were to be done over again, John," she subbed, "I'd do different. I'd be a mother to poor Gladys. It breaks my heart to hear of her lying there so ill, and she under arrest at that"

"Would to Heaven that ahe would die just where she is !" sobbed the miller.

"She must not—she shall not die !" cried Maria Barton. "In the sight of Heaven, I will repair the mischiaf I have done. I will save her, and establish her innecence of the awful orime of which ahe is accused, or die in making the attempt."

John Barton reached out and grasped her hard, toll-worn hand, and he leaned over and klased her as he had not kissed her since the early days when they were first wed, and the action caused Maria's heart to best with a pleasure to

great it was almost pain.

Her hard face softened, and tears ran down her

"You are a noble woman, Maria!" he said,
"a kinder, dearer heart than I ever knew of or
dreamed of beats in your bosom."
She looked up and smiled at him through her
tears. It was sweet, after all, to be in unison

with her husband's thoughts, and to hear such

words as those from his lips.

"No matter how dark it looks just now for poor little Gisdys, I will save her if it lays within human power, John," she said. "Come, get your hat and start. We must go to her at once. In this hour of need we must be at her bedside. In the hour of sickness or death, Gladys may always depend upon me. I shall save har, never fear, John."

### CHAPTER XL.

THE condition of Gladys pussled the doctors the whole country round. They all agreed that it was a comatose state in which she lay, and not death. But how it would end no one cared to predict, and those who saw the officer pace the corridor before her door night and day, said to each other, with tears of pity in their eyes, that Heaven would indeed be kind to let the girl die

rather than face the fate before her.
While they watched in allence over Gladys,

stormy scenes were taking place in another part of the house between Rupert and Gwen.

He had been proof against all her entreatles to remain, and it completely unnerved Gwen to see the servants go steadily on with the packing of

his effects.

Mr. Melville and his handsome young son-in-law held a long and bitter interview, and Gwen's mother added her tears and entreaties to those of her daughter in endeavouring to recall the mischlef that had been done, but all to no purpose. Rupert was firm in his resolve to leave Gwen, and go out into the world—a beggar, as she had

expressed it.

The manner in which he had been duped and led into signing his entire wealth over to Gwen family in very plain language just what he thought of a wife and a lawyer who would con-nive to take advantage of a man lying ill and delirious in permitting him to sign such a docu-

When entreaties failed to move him, Gwen

When entreaties failed to move him, Gwen resorted to hysterical tears.

"What would the world think, Rupers, if you left me?" ahe cried, flinging herself at his feet and clinging to him wildly. "I would die of shame. You must spare me. Stay, only stay, and I will sign back every penny to you to do as you please with. You—you can spend every penny of it on that woman's trial if you like. You say you would remain if I signed it back, and now, Rupert, I hold you to your promise," ahe sobbed, frantically.

Her grief was so intense that Rupert was troubled as to what the outcome would be if he followed out the plan that he had mapped out for himself.

for himself.

At last, very reluctantly, Ruperb allowed her to have her own way, and, true to her promise, despite her father's secret advice, Gwen signed hack to her husband all his possessions again,

hack to her husband all his possessions again.

Mr. Meiville's wrath knew no bounds, and he and his daughter had a bitter quarrel over the matter that night.

"In one moment you have eyerthrown the sharpest scheme that I eyer planned and carried out successfully," he cried. "I have told you repeatedly that when a husband's love is on the wane a woman's only chance of keeping him from deserting her altogether is to get his property under her control. Then she has the reins in her own hands, and can curb him at will," he added,

grimly.
"But you did not tell me that Rupers would leave me if I did it," said Gwen with a miserable

"Well, what if he had done so ?" retorted the lawyer, sharply. "Wouldn't you have had nearly half a million of money to recompense What more do you women want, any

"All the money in the world would not recom-pense me for the loss of Rupart, papa," she said; adding, slowly, "And if your plan had been the means of sending him from me I should have hated you for ever, were you twenty times over my father." "Do any great favour for a woman in her interest, instead of her husband's, and she will turn about and despise you for it every time," returned the lawyer. "But I wash my white are about the lawyer. "But I wash my hands of the whole affair," he went on, "and whatever comes of it you have yourself to thank for giving him the opportunity of deserting you if he feels so inclined. Remember, you would always have been sure of him if you had the money—he wouldn't have gone far, I can tell

"Rupert is different from most men, papa

reupers is directed from most men, papa," persisted Gwen, "and you ought to know it. Finding himself suddenly poor, his pride would have sent him away from me it nothing else."
"Well, you have signed it back again, so there's the end of the matter," declared Mr. Meiville, "I can only add that I hope you will have been the control of the matter," declared Mr. never regret it. I shall watch narrowly what h does, now that power has been restored to him. what he

Mr. Melville was not surprised to learn that Rupert's first action was to retain the services of the most eminent doctors in the country to combine their skill in the attempt to save Gladya'

When the fifth day had passed, and there was no change in the girl's condition, the doctors had but one reply as to what her fate would probably be—she would sink quietly into that deep sleep that knows no awakening, and they hoped from the bottom of their hearts that this would be

But in this they were doomed to disappointment. On the morning of the sixth day the spell was broken and the life-blood drifted slowly back through the ice-cold velns. The council of wise doctors shook their heads in solemn swe, and whispered that it was-life!

The nurse who stood near them uttered a fer-

" Thank Heaven !

The great glad tidings were received with fervent thankfulness by John Barton and his wife. Mrs. Dane laid her head on her son's breast and weps in slence when she heard of its, and Ruperts—how shall we portray what his feelings were?—he looked up at the white clouds in the blue sky through the open window and silently thanked Heavon for granting the prayer he had been petitioning ever since the fatal night of the that poor little Gladye' young life would be spared.

Mr. Melville and his wife and Gwen heard to in utter allence, and no one dreamed, save Rupert, that they would rather have heard of her death.

The village folk watched the case with breathless anxiety, realising that it would be only a question of a short time now ere the girl would be removed to the county gaol, there to await her trial for the burning of The Mount.

So great was the excitement that the officials were compelled to accomption the two days night in order to avoid the excited crowds. These compelled to accomplish the removal by

It was a trying time to Rupert Dane. days seemed to have absorbed all the brightness from his bonny, handsome face and left it wonderfully grave and pale, and many a eliver thread found its way among the fair locks clustering over his broad brow.

He had engaged the services of one of the most eloquent lawyers that money could procure; but the gentleman had told him candidity that it was his opinion that nothing cou'd save the girl, for the evidence sgainst her was woven into a strong chain of circumstantial evidence which pointed

to her guilt. The most pitiful circumstance that ever could have occured had happened to poor Giadys—she had lost her mind completely. Up to the day of her marriage with Rupert and the evening which had followed when she had been so bitterly jealous of her husband of a few hours trying over new duets at the plane with Gwen, and how she had hur-riedly left the room, going out into the grounds to sob her heart out under the playing trees, she remembered well, but from that fatal moment everything was a blank to her.

How she came to be in the tower of The Mount.

GHRONIC LEDIGESTION and its attendant Misory and Saffering Oured with Tonto "Docrons" (purely vegetable), 30, from Chemists, 31, past free from Dr. Honz, "Gientower," Bourasmouth, Sample bettle and pamphels, with Analytical Reports, 4n, 6 Stamps

and what she was doing there, the poor girl could

what saw was doing here, the poor girl could not seen conjecture.

When Gladys had awakened from her trance, she quite believed that it was still her weddingday with Rupert, and it would have broken a heart of stone to have heard har nummer the name of her young husband, and seen her hold out her arms to Rupert as he stood by her

Then she looked round in bewilderment at the strange faces and strange surroundings about

It fell to the lot of Rupert's mother to break Is rell to the lot of Rypert's mother to break by degrees the whole story to Gladys; that she was no longer Rapert's wife; that Gwen was in her place, and all the events just as the good woman knew them up to that hour. Poor Gladys' sgony knew no bounds, and her horror upon hearing that she was under arrest for the burning of The Mount was heart-

The girl grasped Mrs. Dane's hand and begged her to believe her when she said before Heaven and her angel mother that she fels quite sure in her own heart that she could never have

"You think you did not do it," sobbed the dear old lady, her poor old heart fairly wrung wish grief for Gladys, "but you are not quite sure. Ah, Gladys, how much those words mean!"

"You say the evidence is all against me," whispered Gladys, looking up at her with great dilated eyes.

dilated eyes.

Rupert's mother nodded dumbly.

"And do the people—the village folk, I mean, who have known me all my life—do they think me gullty?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Ab. Gladys, child, how can I answer you?" cried Mrs. Dane, distressedly. "You are breaking my hears."

ing my heart."

"You must answer me by telling me the truth," said Gladys, in a low voice, adding: "Do they think I did it?"
"Yes," sobbed Mrs. Dane, "most people believe so,"

believe so,"

"And what would they do with me if they
felt eare that I was guilty ?" Gladys asked.

There was the same low intensity in her voice
as she breathlessly awaited the answer.

It was a moment before Mrs. Dane could command her tremulous voice to speak, and then the
words seemed to almost choke her as she uttered

She took Gladys' cold little hands in one of

here and laid the other trambling one on the girl's fair bowed head.

"If—they—believe you guilty—they will send you to—to—prison, Gladys!" she said.

(To be continued.)

The time comes when a man should cease pre-lusory gymnastic, stand up, put a violence upon his will, and, for better or worse, begin the busi-ness of creation.

GREEN garbets are more valuable than diamonds because they are so exceedingly rare. They are of an unsurpassed rich shade far beyond that of an emerald, and are very brilliant. On the other hand, red garants are so common that they cost next to nothing.

they cost next to nothing.

The Confectioners' and Grocers' Exhibitions, at the Agricultural Hall, London. A pleasant feature of the above was provided by the teating samples which the various exhibitors freely offered to all comers. Visitors were thus enabled not only to visw the many attractive and useful articles on the different stalls, but to try for themselves the excellence of jellies, soups, meat extracts and the like. One of the stalls which came in for a full share of appreciation in this respect was that of Messrs. Goo. Nelson, Dale & Co., Limited; the tablet and granulated jellies, as well as the soups, essences, lossenges, &a., of this firm being highly praised.

### LOVE AND PRIDE.

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ued from page 80.)

Lyone is there, his face very white. He comes to meet me and draws me inside, but he does not attempt to embrace me, though his eyes are dark with love, and I hold myself away from him, for a good and pure woman atands between us, and I know he will respect himself and me in honour of her.

"I have come," I say, hurriedly. "What is it you wish to say!"
"You said some words this morning which I should like you to explain. You spoke of some mistake," he says, and his voice does not sound like his own.

"I know not if it be wise to attempt an ex-planation now," I return. "We are parted, you

"By whose fault?" he saks, passionately.
"Madeline, tell ms. Let me have the knowledge that you once cared for me if it was so,
Oh! how you have made me suffer, and for no
fault of mine!"

fault of mine?"

"Ab, Lynne, I know it now?" I cry. "It
was all a mistake. Listen?" and quickly and
with a vebement passion which I cannot stiffe, I
tell him of my stupid, madly stupid, error.

"Madoline!" he whispers, putting out his
hand to me as we face one another in the grey
light of winter's dusk. "And for that we are
parted. Oh! my love, my love! how could
you!"

A great dizzlness has been coming over me all the sime I have been talking, and when he criss out so I put up my hand as though he had given me a blow on the head.

"Don't, Lynne," I almost shriek, "I have enough to suffer now," and then I fall back senseless in his arms.

Three years ago! Three long weary years since I stood at my window watching for the coming of my bridegroom, and saw him killed at

the ford.

Three years of seeking after forgetfulness since that filness which bid fair to take my life, for when Lynne bore me into the house and my aunt sought to restore me to consciousness, I awoke only to rave of lost love, and George Graham's fearful death.

I went away from England when I was pro-nounced convalsacent, and travelled from place to place; and now, after three years, I have come back to my native land.

It is summer-time, and the air is balmy and soft with a faint low murmur in it, and scented with the awest scent of summer flowers.

with the awest round of summer flowers.

Someone comes into the room as I stand here thinking over the past, of my pride and its bister punishment, and I turn languidly. Shall I ever forget the rush of passionate joy that thrills me, the gladness that seems half pain when I behold Lynne standing in the sunlight that floods through the window, with outstretched hands and pleading eyes!

Without question I go to him. Something tells me that he is free. He would never some to me were it not so.

He holds me to him tenderly and in silence for some minutes. Then I draw back as I look up into the face that, like my own, has grown sadder and graver in these years, and say,—

"Your wife!"

"Is dead. She died of consumption a year sgo," he says, and I feel no jealousy now of that dead girl.

I love him all the more for the tender rever.

dead girl.

I love him all the more for the tender reverence and serrow in his voice as he speaks.

We stand talking. I cannot say how long.

We cannot yet go to my aunt. There is so much to explain—so many years of separation to make up for. But after a time I say that we must go to

"Have you quite lorgiven me, Lynne?" I ask, and we turn away from the sumy window. "Forgiven you, darling? Yes!" he returns, drawing me to bimesif once more, and once more kissing me as he holds me in his arms.

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### FACETLE.

Young Sharpshins: "I say, dad, what is martial law?" Old Sharpshins (with a grow): "Ma-shall law is the rule a married man lives under when his wife's mother lives with him."

STUDENT: "How would you advise me to go about collecting a library?" Professor: "Well, I'll tell you how I managed it. When I was young I bought books and lent them. Now I borrow books and keep them."

RECTOR (short-sighted): "Well, Richard, hard RECTOR (short-signted): "Well, Richard, hard at work, sh? Let me see, you are Richard, aren't you?" Labourer: "No, sir. Ol be John, sir. You ad the pleasure o' buryin' Richard last week, you remember, sir."

"What would you say to some good, steady work?" asked the kind woman. "What would I say to some work!" repeated Perry Patettic. "Missus it would be impossible for me to repeat to a lady what I would say to it."

Vary stour Lady (watching the lions being fed): "' Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meas for sech a big animal." Attendant (with most stupendous show of politenes): "I s'pore it does seem like a little meat to to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."

"Which is one of the slowest things on each?"
asked a school inspector of a boy the other day.
"Influenza," remarked the boy. "Influenza!"
said the inspector, "how do you make that
out!" "Because it is so easily caught," promptly
answered the boy.

MUNITAGES (sternly): "James, after this, please uncork all the bottles in my presence. I notice that when you draw the corks in the pantry, the wine is extremely décollecté." James (the butler): "Extremely décolleté, air 1" Mannyacks: "Yes, James; very low in the neck."

Mas. Wxl.x, proudly walking out of the bedroom: "Well, Percy, how do you like bloomers f"
Mr. Wyly: "Oh, they do very well; but, dear
me, how much older than usual they make you
ook." On the following day a neat package, inended for the far-away heathen, was forwarded from the Wylys' home

Hs: "I wonder what the meaning of that picture is! The youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude." She: "Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him. How sweet! What does the aritet call the picture!" He (lookin, about): "Oh, I see! It's written on a card at the bottom, 'Bold."

FUDDY: " Talking about the intellectual development of the lower animal world, a hen when she is in the humour will sit upon broken china or upon nothing at all, just as per-severingly as upon a lot of fresh-laid eggs. What do you call that reason or instinct?" Duddy: "Persons who keep hens consider it pure obsti-

"That young man of yours," said the observing parent, as his daughter came down to breakfast, "should apply for a job in a curicity show." "Why, father," exclaimed the young lady in tones of indignation, "what do you mean?" "I noticed when I passed through the hall late last night," answered the old man, "that he had two heads upon his shoulders."

"Wall," said the great importer, "you want a position as tea-taster, do you? Have you ever had any experience in this business?" No," the applicant replied; "but I've boarded around and eaten at restaurants so long that I know I'd be a good one at it. I could tell the genuine tea right off, because it would be so different, you know."

"It is perfectly natural that resents abould

"It is perfectly natural that parents should be proud of their children," said the conductor. after he had finished taking the fares; "but that man inside the bus is entitled to the championship medal." "What's the matter with him?" asked the driver. "Why," said the conductor, "he's so proud of that six-mouths old boy of his that he insisted on paying full fare for him,"

A MAN came into an editor's room with a large A Man came into an editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said, very politely: "I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by a friend of mine, which I would like inserted if you have room." "Pienty of room. Just insert it yourself," replied the editor, gently pushing the wastepaper-basket towards him.

A GENTLEMAN was walking down Pall Mall when he saw a boy place a large apple on some steps and then retire some distance away. The steps and then retire some distance away. The gentleman went up to him and said: "My boy, do you know that you are doing very wrong in placing that apple on these steps? Some poor boy might be tempted to steal it." "That's what I want him to do," said Tommy, "Why!" saked the gentleman. "Why," said Tommy, "I've hollowed the inside and filled it full of mustard."

FATHER 'to Tommy, who was practising drawing at school): "Now, Tommy, go and draw the form of a train." Tommy returns with a nice drawing of the engine. "But why not draw the carriages!" inquired the father. "Ab, father," drawing of the engine. "But why not draw the carriages?" Inquired the father. "Ah, father," replied Tommy, "it's not my business; the engine draws the carriages."

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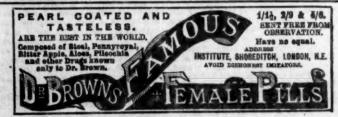


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### SOCIETY.

THE Empress Frederick is going to pay a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales, with whom she will spend a few weeks at Sandringham.

Frans are entertained about the health of the King of Denmark, who is his late consort's junior by only a little. He was very deeply attached to her, and placed great depaydence upon her help and advice, and the shock of her death will, it is feared, have a bad effect on his already somewhat outcolled health.

the evidence of loyalty on the part of the people of Guernasy that she has promised that a member of the Royal family shall visit the island next spring, to unveil the bronze atatus of her Majesty which is to be erected as a memorial of the Diamond Jubiles—an event which the inhabitants of Guernasy celebrated right royally. THE Queen is, it is announced, so pleased with

THE Prince of Wales will be nominated on December 7th for re-election for the twenty-fifth consecutive year as Most Worshipful Grand Master of Freemacons under the English Constitution. On the previous evening in Grand Mark Lodge His Royal Highness will be nominated for the fourteenth consecutive year for election as Grand Master of Mark Masons.

At twelve o'clock every night the Monteros, who watch over the sleeping King of Spain, issue through secret panels in the walls of the palace and take up their stations, each royal personage having at least one of these men to guard him or her through the night. The men are clad in mail, and wear felt shoes, and a body of them promounds the corridors regularly until 730 in the morning. When the royal family is awakened, the watchers disappear as silently as they came.

the watchers disappear as silently as they came.

The Queen was much interested in the visit to her of Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig. Holstein, just back from Egypt, and looking bronzed and well. His Highness was able to give her Majesty many interesting details of the battle of Ondurman. The Queen was very greatly pleased with the victory, but has a very great objection to hear or think of the fearful carnage among the brave but misguided dervishes, and has frequently expressed her sorrow for them and for the necessity of the battle. battle.

The Queen will return to Windsor from Scotland on Saturday, November 19sh, when her Majesty is to stay at the Castle for a month, and is then going to Osborne until the beginning of February. The Queen will go abroad for els weeks at the beginning of March, and her Majesty contemplates another visit to Cimies. It is anti-cipated shat the Queen will speed a week at Venice and a week at Milao. Klog Humbert having offered to place both the R.yai Palace in Venice and the château of Monze, near Milan, at the disposal of the Queen if she visits Italy. Monza has the finest gardons in Lombardy, and an immense and finely-wooded park. The château is only a few miles from Milan.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have been stay-THE Queen will return to Windsor from Scot-

château is only a few miles from Milan.

The Duke and Duchess of Fife have been staying for a short time at Duff House, the family place in Banffahire, before coming south. The Duke and Duchess are going to Sandringham next month, on a visit to the Prince and Princess of Wales for about a fortulght. The Duke has seldom lived at Duff since his marriage, but it is a very fine place near the sea, with a beautifully wooded demesne, which is intersected by the Deveron. The house, which is a facsimile of a part of the Villa Borghese, contains a very choice collection of pictures and a superb library.

If has been definitely seatled that Pduce

collection of pictures and a superb library.

It has been definitely settled that Prince Charles of Denmark is to accompany his nucle, Prince Waldemar, on a cruise to Siam in the warship Fym, so Princess Maud is to return to England from Copenhagen with the Princess of Walce, and it is probable that she will spend the greater part of next year in this country. Princess Maud will first go to Sandringham and then take up her residence at Appleton House. It is probable that the Princess will receive visits at Appleton from several members of the Royal Family of Denmark in the course of the winter.

### STATISTICS.

THERE are 4,500 women printers in England. THERE are forty-seven Chinese temples in

THERE are over six hundred thousand un-

THERE are ten thousand miles of overhead legraph wires in London.

In is said that the peasant of the South of France spends on food for a family of five an average of twopence a day.

THE Russians are enormous eaters, feeding about seven or eight times during the day, an average of once every two hours.

# GEMS.

Wz all live on far lower levels of vitality and of joy than we need to do.

DRUDGERY is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

To resist with success the frigidity of old age, one must combine the body, the mind, and the heart. To keep these in parallel vigour one must exercise, study and love.

ADVERSITY has ever been considered as the state in which a man the most easily becomes acquainted with himself—particularly as he is in that state free from flatterers.

### HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

TAPIOCA CREAM.—Two heaping tablespoonfuls pearl taploca, soaked over night in one cap of water. In the morning add one quart of milk, water. In the morning add one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, sugar and extract to tasts, and a tiny pluch of sait. Set in double boiler and steam, stirring often until it thickens; then pour into an earthen dish upon the stiffly beaten

pour into an earthen dish upon the stiffly beaten whitee of the eggs, stirring rapidly until well mixed. Serve cold with cream and sugar.

Salad OF LEFT-OVERS.—With such a salad, lettuce is rarely used. The cold mush is cut into dice, as potato would be, thoroughly mixed with either French or mayonnaised creasing, and allowed to stand in the refrigerator. It must be thoroughly penetrated, and this takes time. The same is done with the beet, or vegetable scraps of any kind. They are arranged for cerving in layers. done with the best, or vegetable scraps of any kind. They are arranged for serving in layers, placed with an eye to contrast of colour. One attractive order is much, beet, chopped egg and peas, repeating as long as the material holds out, and ending above with beet. Every layer is covered with dressing, and just before serving, a few spoonfuls are added on top.

Val. Carr.—First boll two eggs for twelve minutes; then lay them in cold water, chop finely one large teaspoonful of parsley, and mix half a teaspoonful of grated lemon rind, half a teaspoonful of salt, and quarter of a teaspoonful teaspoonful of salt, and quarter of a teaspoonful of paper; take a plain round mould and rinse it out with cold water; shall the eggs and cut them up into nest silces. Decorate the mould prottilly with some of these silces in any device you like; naxt cut up half a pound of lean veal into small pleces, and a quarter of a pound of raw fat bacon in the same manner; fill up the mould with alternate layers of veal, bacon, and seasoning, and any egg that may be loft; when it is quite full pour in half a gill of stock; cover the top over with a plece of well-greased paper, and bake in a slow oven for two hours; then take out and remove the paper and refill the mould to the top with some more stock, in which has been melted a little French sheet gelating (about half of a quarter of an ounes); leave till has been metted a little French abees gelatine (about half of a quarter of an ounce); leave till quite cold, slip a hulfe round the tip edge, dip the tin entirely in hot water and turn out, if you dip the tin in water and turn out before you leave home, then slip the cake back again; you will find it turn out quite early the second time, when you want it for use,

### MISCELLANEOUS.

The French Government taxes every ticket sold by a railway company. All the railways in France are run on Paris time.

A MEDICAL paper says that in rallway collisions

A MEDICAL paper says that in rallway collision, nearly all the passengers who are asizep escape the bad effects of shaking and concussion, Nature's own ansesthetic preserving them.

The greatest depth at which carthquakes are known to originate is about thirty miles. It has also been calculated that a heat sufficient to milt granite might occur at about the same depth.

The Empress Frederick has not vidted the Queen for a long time. It is said that the recent friendly treaty between this country and Germany has facilitated her Imperial Mejaty's opportunities for visiting the English Court.

In the reign of Edward III. all the brev and bakers were women, and when men first began to engage in these occupations it was thought so strange that they were called men-brewers and men-bakers.

TYPEWRITERS are now made for the French, Garman, Spanish, Bohemian, Russian, Danish, Swedish, Portugueso, and Italian languages. It only with the Chinese, and its 30,000 character, that science is powerless. The Russian is the most difficult of the languages now represented on the typewriter.

THERE are some places in the world where women enjoy privileges that men do not share. At Seoul, Cores, there is a curriew law for men. It is obligatory for every man to return to his home when the huge bronzs ball of the city proclaims is to be the hour of sunset and the time for closing the gates. No man is allowed in the streets after that hour under pain of flogging, but the women are allowed to go about and visit their friends.

The "black tracker" is one of the most vestal members of the Australian police force. He is to be found in uniform at the head stations throughout the colonies, and his services are in constant demand. He is recruited from the aboriginal tribes, who, as a rule, are spoken of by a scientist as being, perhaps, the lowest race of mankind yet discovered; but certain it is that the Australian aborigines some of seeing, hearing, and smelling excel those of every savage wribs, not excepting the American Indians.

Pennars the most practicus aword in existence

PERHAPS the most precious aword in existence is that of the Gaekwar of Baroda. Its hill and belt are encruated with diamonds, rubles, and emeralds, and it is valued at £220,000. The Shab of Ports Shah of Perala possesses a sword valued as £10,000. His father were it on his first visit to Europe. There are some coastly swords in India, while both the Czar and the Sultan possess is welled sabres of great price. The most valuable sword in England is the one presented by the Egyptians to Lord Wolseley. The bilt is set with brilliants, and is valued at £2,000.

Among the convenient and economical inventions that will interest every horseman is a shee to be attached to horses' feet without nails. Many efforts have been made to produce such a shee, but until this latest candidate for public Many efforts have been made to produce such a shoe, but until this latest candidate for public favour made its appearance all devices have proved failures. The new shoe has, of course, the same general shape as that with which we are familiar, but it made in two parts, the shoe proper and a band that encircles the hoof somewhere in the vicinity of that portion where the nalls are clinched. The two sections are so fixed that they interlock at the heel and are held in piace by a simple device extending from the two of the shoe up to the band, where a screw is attached by means of which it is firmly tightened. The advantages of this shoe are that one may be practically independent of the horse sheer, as any inexperienced person who has ordinary dexterity can adjust the shoe without difficulty. An additional advantage is that there is no danger of laming the horse by means of nalls. Many a valuable animal has been rendered worthless by careless sheeing, and a device that make this practically impossible should be looked upon with favour by all owners of horses. n la

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## HOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BAD? -- Addresses are never given. A. G.-Apply to a police magistrate. Uscentain. - Either would be correct Police .- At the district office if there be one. N. D.-Not legally until there is proof of death Lavender is a home-grown perfume PULLUM BRADER —Only & lawyer can advise you. Parts. —The coins are worth their face value only.

T. B.—If he left the kingdom he would still be flable.

Bob.—Lord Roberts was born at Cawapore, India,

H. B.-It is not legal to marry a doceased husband's

Desarrance.—Your only remedy is to leave at end of

MAY.—No special meaning appears to attach to a grig of purple heather.

Brakers — You can see a newspaper directory at any reference library.

Arransa — Barcelona is new the most populous city of Spain.

OFE IN DISSICULTURE - Obtain legal assistance at once; you should have done so long ago.

Mornen or Thank.—Prosan meat is exported in large quantities from New Zealand to Europe.

Axious Morman.—The marriage holds good; both parties sould be sharply punished.

Pan. -- Lord Roberts was commander-in-chief of the

Knowata. Pawdered rice is said to be of great

M. T.—Only the Civil Service Camminatoners can tell. You had better write to their secretary.

Mances - Engage a solicitor to make application through a barrieter; expense cannot be estimated.

OLD READER.—The revenues of the Clergy of the hurch of England are derived from tithes, endow-nents, globe lands, fees, and pow sents.

Is Taconiz — We should strongly advise you, for the site of your own welfare and peace of mind, so break if the engagement. Gindra.—The "freedem" of a city is now a purely convery distinction. It confers no practical privi-

Victoria. - H. W.S. Victoric was returned and sunk in tediterranean by H. M.S. Campersows on June 27ad.

PAITHFUL FRIEND.—The best thing to do is so etick o your home and your husband's advise, and have othing to do with her.

ARGUMENT.—Both disputants were right, and ho wrong, inasmuch as it is the custom of some houses lie down while sleeping, and others sleep standing.

Sofvense.—For a nervous business, take a cup of strong tea in which two or three-slices of lemon have been infused.

LODGES.—The ledger is liable for the rent of his reduring his absence on holiday, unless there is an ament to the contrary.

TROUBLED ONE—Property which came into the wife's casession before marriage is not liable to be taken in this action of the husband's debta.

EED HANDS—Mix well together equal parts of glo-glycerine, and lemon juice; rub in well at night. It will keep the hands in beautiful condition.

Jar's Darlind —Standard wage means the lowest wage a tradesman is to work for or receive; he can go as high above it as any employer is willing to take him.

C. G.—Varnishes good for wood scarcely suff coment, but it could be painted, successive thin coats being given and as much time as possible allowed for drying.

LOTAL SUBJECT.—The Queen must still sign the warrant for the shooting of a soldier for treason or other capital erime deals with by a court-martial.

S. A. T.—Sprinkle well with table sait, moisten with holling water; left it stand a few minutes; then pour over beiling water until the stains disappear.

PUFFT.—Take immediately a piece of clotb, and rub the wrong side of it on the paint spot. If no other cloth is at hand, part of the inside of the roat skirt will

PANNY.—Put some vinegar toto a turabler and immerse the bottle. After the bottle has remained in the tumbier some time remove it to a beam of warm water, and the stopper will be soon removed.

Mearrana—Simoke rises straight up in a rarified dry mosphere, and invariably indicates good weather; it stage low, on the other hand, in a damp atmosphere, and fortells the near approach of rain.

F. T. C.—At the battle of the Alma the French were the first to sugage the Russians, and it was to save the reach from what seemed impossing defeat that Lord aging, couragy to the original plan of the hattle, risred the British advance up the heights.

Up to Date.—Situations such as you mention are usually obtained by approaching public men on behalf of the applicant.

B. A.—Send a penny stamp to Government Rinf-rantz' Information Office, Si, Broadway, London, W., for south African handbook, which will be for-rarded, and centains all the information you desire. grants' lafore d.W., for South warded, and co

Oss sman.—It is a posuliar fact that with most men the growth of hair is greater on one side of the face than the other. It is said that hair always grows more quickly on that side on which we are smouger.

Young Max.—Your only plan would be to apply to the offices of one of the shipping companies, stating your desire and qualifactions, and ascertain whether there is any vacancy.

PHILIPTON .—The individual who is declared to be not guilty goes from the bar without a stain upon his character, the one who is dismissed "not proven" remains under suspicion of being as orininal as charge

PHIL.—A cyclone is defined as a violent storm, of an of wast extent, characterised by high winds, rotating about a calm centre of low atmosphere pressure. Tale centre mores ensured (feen with a velocity of twenty or thirty miles an hour.

MINER.—The deepest perpendicular mine in the world said to be located at Printram, Bohemis. It is a lead the which was begun in 1823, and in 1880 was 3,300 tot deep. The deepest hohe ver boved in the certain is be artesian well at Poisdam, 5,600 fact in depth.

The steelan well at rotecam, Jove me. In why as The trans Fam.—The dramatic profession is much crowded, the work hard, the season short, the rewards few, and it may safely be said that there is room only at the top. Unless you have decided talend fer the stage, you are better off where you are. The stage offers no inducements equal to those you already possess.

### BE TRUE TO THYSELP.

By thine own soul's law learn to live, And if men thwart thee take no head, and if men has thee have no care; Sing thou thy song and do thy deed, Hope thou thy hope and pray thy prayer, And claim no exown they will not give, Nor lays they grouge thee for thy hair.

Keep thou thy soul-aworn, stead fact oath' And to thy heart be true thy heart; What thy seal teaches learn to know, And play out thine appointed part; And thou shalt reap as thou shalt sow, Nor helped nor hindered in thy growth; To thy full stature thou shalt grow,

Fix on the future's goal thy face, and let thy fact be lured to atray Nowhither, but be swift to run, And nuwhers terry by the way. Until at last the end is won, And thou mayst look back from thy place and see thy long day's journey done.

Woman.—A great noise in the ears usually accompanies deafness, and sometimes indicates permanent loss of hearing in one or both ears; efter. however, it is merely a symptom of declining health, and disappears when sleps are taken to restore the lost strength. See your dector without delay,

Mangra.—By all means write to your lover and explain things if you think there is a misunderstandng. You seem to be frank enough to admit also that 
you believe you are possibly responsible for it. If the 
young man is reasonable and loves you, he will listen to

H. E.—In view of the fact that you had to hire another to do the work for the girl who had gone home unwell you are not bound to pay the latter anything beyond what she has earned when she left; you may also now intimate that as there is no prespect of her return you have had to engage another in her place.

JOHN BULL —John Bull, as a personification of Great Britain, originated with the publication about 1712, of Arbuthnote: "History of John Bull," a political eatire, in which various nations were represented as individuals firsts Britain as John Bull, France as Lewis Baboon, Holland as Nicholas Frog, &a.

A. D. -Yes, there is a very decided difference between intellect and intelligence. One may possess intelligence of a high order, yet not be in any way intellectual; but one cannot possess intellect without a high degree of intelligence. Intellect has be do with the faculty of perception or thought.

MAGDALES. "You might take up dressmaking or milliners, and could doubtless apprentice yourself to learn these crafts without paying, but by just giving your services. Then there is etenography and typewriting, tolegraphy, photography and many other callings, but in must, of course, one would have to pay to learn.

ALMA.—Fillet two medium stand haddocks. Grease a baking tip, lay two of the fillets on it to form a small drells, sprinkle them plentifully with fine brand crumbs, chopped paralley, papper and salt. Full the other two fillets on top, and cover them with more breadermabs. Six Dab tiny pieces of butter over the Sah and put ame at the sides of the tim. Bake in a moderate oven for half as hour.

DESPONDENT MOVERS.—Let the children work with you. Share with them, and they with you, in all the occupations of the home. Talk, explain, sing, while at work, and there will be no lack of interest. It is only when the little ones are left to work alone or with other children, on tasks which they do not comprehend, that they become listices.

Mas. B.—A chaperon should be a matron of experience, tast and good jedment. Ehe is supposed to accompany a young lady for the sake of the proprieties. She is not required to do any mental services, but is, at all times, as one of the guests, and should mingle in the festivities. It is only necessary that she take reasonable good care of her charge, to see that she come to no harm, and she should be competent, of course, to instruct a young lady in what she should or should not do, if such should be necessary.

Mask.— If fivelong years' socephence of your attentions has not brought the girl one hour nearer the marriago which ought to have been in prospect from the first, what is the use of continuing? The girl is just wasting heres! throwing away upon you the favour which long age have brought another to satisfactory terms; we wonder this has never cocurred to yourself; let the girl knew your intentions, say if she is willing there may be a marriage before another year is out, and watt to ascertain what effect that has upon the mather.

Decrease Paramary Since you lore the man so

DURIFUL PROPRIET.—Since you love the man so well, and you believe he loves you, all you are waiting for is an opportunity to make him show his colours. This is not a case of the women proposing, but is merely a matter of your helping him out in a delicate sixtyeet in which he is difficient said backward. When you get him at this pass, you must be careful not to reach the control of the property little detail, but if you will study what we have said, we think, and we aimerely hope, it may help you.

help you.

Laby Oyolusz.—There is no preparation knews to us
for applying to a tyre accidentally saturated with oil;
such an occurrence is rare with cyclists, the ovil effects
of the oil on the rubber being so well known that
elaborate processions are taken to provent the contest;
the only thing to be done when the anaddent does
happen is to wipe the oil off with a distor, and then
apply a little Fronch chalk pathaps; oyale dealers
recommend this method, which usually secomplishes
fil that is necessary in neutralising the effects of the
oil.

LETTICE.—Fine white laces, delicate ribbons and slike may be freshened and cleaned with powdered reagness, or, if not too badly soiled, with hot four—taking care that it is not browned in the heating. Sprinkle the magnesia or flour upon a smooth sheet of wrapping paper, lay the slike or lace upon the paper, and sprinkle more magnesia over it. Cover with another sheet of paper, place a book or some light weight on the paper, is ting it rest there several days. Take the fabric up, shake well and brush with a soft brush.

brash.

Issommia.—Have plonty of hot water and a dash of can de Cologne, and give your fare a thorough laving. The result will be as refreshing as an hour's sleep. Brush the hat for twenty minutes. It will be glossier and thicker for the trouble, and your nerves will be southed by the process. Then, after the scorede, robe yourself in a warm dressing gown and drink a glass of hot milk, weak coost, or even hot water, eating a bisoutt or a bit of toast if you like. When the small supper is finished you will be ready to go to sleep without any insomnia cure, and in the morning you will yourself and the world.

Chance—To make candied truit soled take one.

yourself and the world.

OLARICE.—To make candled fruit salad take one tenou, six oranges, and peel, taking care that all the white skin is pared off; divide into small pieces, and take out the plus; pare a quarter of a tinned pincapple and melon (sorape away the seed parts) into bits; take some candled fruits, such as cherries, apricots, plums, greengages, slicing each in half, and arrange with the lemon and oranges to the chape of a pyramid in a largo glass dish. For the salad you must make a sweet same thus:—A tumbler of water, and a decen lumpe of sugar, and one tablespoonful of l'quor, such as prunelle, which has the flavour of nuts. The sugar should be boiled in the water, and then the other ingredients added; when cold, peur over the fruit, and sarve with a sliver spoon and fork. If liked, small lumps of whisked whites of eggs and sugar may be placed about the pyramid.

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